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(Sample).

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WALKS AND SKETCHES
AT THE
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE;

TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED,

A JOURNEY

FROM

661.2

CAPE TOWN TO BLETTEBERG'S BAY.

BY ROBERT SEMPLE.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

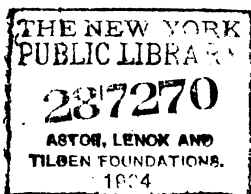
“ Mountains on whose barren breast
“ The labouring clouds do alway rest.”

LONDON:

**PRINTED BY AND FOR C. AND R. BALDWIN,
NEW BRIDGE-STREET.**

1805.

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*Charles T. Harbeck

24, MAR. 04

TO LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE, *Etc.*

MY LORD,

IN dedicating this work to your Lordship, I cannot be accused of adulation; for a work so small could not flatter even a mind totally unused to it. Neither can I be suspected of less worthy motives, as a dedication which can confer no honour, can expect no recompense.

I have been induced to request the permission of prefixing your Lordship's name hereto, solely from the conviction that no man in Great Britain has paid so much attention to the affairs of the Cape, or has so intimate an acquaintance with every subject relative to that Colony, as your Lordship. Should the following sheets not add to that stock of information, I trust, at least, that they will not be found altogether barren of interest, and that should they fail to instruct, they may at least tend to amuse.

I am, with great respect,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient humble Servant,

3, Circus,
America-square.

THE AUTHOR.

Charles T. Harbeck

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN presenting to the world a second Edition of this little work, I have embraced the opportunity which it afforded me, of rendering more complete the plan which I had formerly marked out. With this view I have added a chapter on the Hottentot, without which every work relating to the Cape must be considered as imperfect, and likewise made those additions to the Journal of which it appeared to me susceptible.

I also take the opportunity of adverting to the various criticisms of which so small a production has been deemed worthy. Amongst others, the cant of sentiment has been attributed to me, a cant which, notwithstanding the authority of Sterne, is to me still more tedious than that of criticism. On a sober review of the whole, however, I must allow that the chapter on the Lion Hills, and that on the Reed Valley are liable to this censure, but concerning all the rest, I plead "not guilty," and throw myself on the judgment of the Public.

R. S.

London, March, 1805.

TO THE READER.

I HAVE often read, and sometimes heard, of the anxiety of an Author, on the Publication of his Works, and now, for the first time, experience that anxiety. I find, that however trifling be the production, and however uninteresting it may prove to the public mind, the Author views it with a parent's partiality, and ushers it into light with a parent's fears. The bantling of his brain, he fondly trusts, possesses some beauties never seen before; some attractions which may keep it afloat amid the ever shifting tides of public favour. For my own part, I am not so sanguine. Should the following SKETCHES, "strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and then be heard no more," it will be all that can, or at least, all that ought to be expected.

While sitting in my closet, full of hopes and fears on this subject, an intimate friend

entered, and demanded the cause of my pensiveness. I told him my anxiety, and that moreover I was in want of a Preface, without which, I understood, no Book, however small, could appear.—And is that all? said he, smiling, depend upon it, my Friend, there is nothing like putting a bold face upon the matter, and telling the world that you do not care one straw for their opinion.—So saying, he took the pen out of my hand, and dashing a large—P—by way of encouragement, gave it to me again. Accordingly, with a most fierce countenance, as if I had been going to frighten every body into reading my Book, but, at the same time, with a palpitating heart I wrote the following

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE always been fond of walking—and lately, very much so of solitary walking—It is such a healthy exercise: besides, a man's legs seem almost to have been made for the express purpose.—If there are many Great People in the world who think differently, what business is it of mine?

But I wish not to quarrel with any class of men, especially in my Preface; not even with those who are not fond of walking. But, kind Reader, be so good as to put on your boots—seat yourself down in your arm-chair, and take a walk with me.—If you do not like the first walk, you need not take a second, but may go and ride with somebody else.

But when I call you kind Reader, do not imagine that I want to coax you to read my Book. Indeed I look upon the words “Courteous Readers,” “craves the indulgence of a generous Public,” and so forth,

with which Prefaces generally abound, to be mere matter of course, and matter of nonsense—for if the Public like the Book they will read it, and if they do not, they will let it alone—and so there is an end of the matter.

THE AUTHOR.

WALKS AND SKETCHES.
AT THE
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

CHAPTER I.

CAPE TOWN.

Sept. 5, 1800.

GOING out this morning to take my usual walk, I observed upon the top of the Lion's Rump, a signal hoisted for a vessel from the north-west quarter, and when I had got out of town, could plainly discern a ship standing in for the Bay, and which was already past Roben Island. As I had for some time expected one of my most intimate acquaintances from England, I was strongly impressed with the idea of his being on board; having accordingly returned and dispatched the business of the morning, about mid-day I went again to the water side, whence I saw the ship just at that moment dropping anchor. Having stepped into a boat, we pushed off, and to my great joy, before we reached the side I heard

myself saluted by the well-known voice of my old schoolfellow, who was looking around him at every object with the utmost curiosity.* As I climbed the ship's side, he eagerly reached down his hand to grasp mine. Those who know what friendship is may judge of our satisfaction at seeing each other in good health after a longer separation than we had ever before experienced; and those who do not, need read no farther.

Some hours were spent in talking of our old acquaintances, in one last meal on ship-board, and in preparations for going on shore:

* In presenting to the world a second and enlarged edition of this little work, I embrace the opportunity which it affords me of replying to a question which my friends have repeatedly asked. "Who was Charles of whom you talk with so much warmth, and who is so constantly the companion of your walks?"

To this I reply, that in fact no friend ever accompanied me in the excursions which I have particularly described. I thrice ascended the Table Mountain alone; alone I stood upon its highest pinnacle; alone I looked up to heaven, and felt my heart overflow with gratitude. Yet the idea of a friend who is now dead was ever present with me, and I conceived myself perfectly at liberty to embody what I *know* would have been his thoughts, and his mode of expression had he indeed accompanied me. Such was the origin of Charles.

About six o'clock we left the ship; the wind was lulled; the water smooth and clear, and reflecting a blue and unclouded sky; my friend had been for three months out of sight of land, and of course the whole was to him delightful and exhilarating in the highest degree.

After looking for some time at our boatmen, who rose to every stroke of the oar and fell back on their seats alternately, according to their custom, he cast his eyes towards the shore, and desired me to explain to him the various objects as they struck his attention. "I need not to be informed," said he, "that the range of wooden piles to which we are approaching is the wharf; nor that yonder square tower, with its blue slated pinnacle and a weathercock on the top is the church steeple; nor that yonder lofty mountain, with its level summit is Table Mountain; but I would know what large white building that is away to the left so full of windows, and which bounds the town on that side." "These are the barracks," replied I, "and that walled-in spot which you may see not far from them, is the place of public execution; and close to the water's edge yonder is the prison, used

chiefly for slaves, and called here the Tronk.” “Stop, stop,” said my friend, “I have been now for three months in a kind of prison myself, and cannot bear to hear even the name of one,—and truly when I look at that neat town, the houses of which are mostly white, and which is so well sheltered by the surrounding hills; when I behold the gardens which are spread along the foot of Table Mountain, and see around so many boats gliding through the water, I feel inclined to talk of any thing but prisons and places of execution.”

Mean time we approached the wharf, but not caring to stop there, our boatmen rowed us to the shore. Charles leaped first out of the boat, and was almost ready to kiss the earth, so overjoyed was he to find it once more beneath his feet. “Hail Africa,” said he, “for the first time my feet have touched thy ancient shores; receive kindly, I beseech thee, a stranger who comes to pay thee a short and transient visit.” Having thus said, he took me by the arm, and we proceeded upwards to the town, crossing the parade towards the Upper Fountain, where the slaves come to draw water. Having stopped a little

to see them bustling and filling their water casks, I brought my friend to a house where a chamber was appropriated to him, and where having seen his baggage safe, I left him to enjoy a night's repose, and prepare for the exercise of the ensuing day.

Calling on Charles next morning, I found him quietly reading in his apartment. "How then, Charles," said I, "have you lost your relish for walking, of which you used to be so fond, that I find you in the house this fine morning?" "Not at all," said he, "not at all; on the contrary, I intend, if you will accompany me, to visit every creek and corner about the Cape,—to climb its highest hills and descend into its wildest and most solitary caverns; in a word, I have about a month to spend here, and of that, it shall be your fault if a day is thrown away without my seeing something new." "I will do my best, my friend," said I; "and, if you please, the first day or two shall be employed in viewing the town, which can, in that time, easily be done. We will then proceed to other objects."

The following description may be considered as the fruit of our two days rambling.

Cape Town is, upon the whole, neat and regularly built, the streets crossing each other at right angles, and the houses being mostly all white. It lies at the foot of three hills, which surround and protect it on every side, except towards the bay, upon the edge of which it begins with clusters of low and poor fishermen's huts, which stand close to the water. The Lion Hill is a ridge of high ground, running from N.N.W. to S.S.E. and rising at the South East end into a conical precipice called the Lion's Head. It forms nearly a perpendicular with Table Mountain, to the west end of which it is joined by a ridge of ground of a gravelly nature.—The Table and Devil Hills, though under two names, may, in effect, be considered as one; they forming one great mass, and being only separated by a cleft at the summit.

It is principally at the foot, and along the first slope of the Lion Hill, that the town is built; Hottentot Square being considerably up the ascent, and the slope of the hill not being lost till you arrive at the street which runs in a straight line from the water side to the gate of the Company's garden, and forms in its course the western side of the Grand Parade.

Though the outlines of the town be irregular, the body of it may be considered as forming, in its present state, an oblong, measuring about 840 paces from the upper side of Hottentot Square to the barracks, and 550 from the gate of the Company's-gardens to the water side. The gardens which now bound part of the town towards Table Hill, is likely in the course of time to form the center of Cape Town; for as ever since its foundation it has been going rapidly on increasing in size, and is likely to increase still more rapidly under its present possessors, it will doubtless, in time, spread to the very roots, and even some way up the ascent of all the surrounding hills, which inclosing it like an amphitheatre on every side, it will form as singular and picturesque a spectacle as any city in the world.

The principal public buildings of Cape Town are the two churches, the Stadthouse, the barracks, the lodge for the government slaves, and the prison. There is a steeple to the principal church, which forms the only object which overtops the rest, and is therefore conspicuous in all views of the town. The church itself is neat, but in no

wise remarkable either for its elegance or defects. Instead of pews, the body of the church is filled with chairs, and the pillars are adorned with the escutcheons and arms of such men of eminent families as have died at the Cape, mostly, if not all, in the service of the company. Two wooden lions support a neat pulpit, upon which is carved an anchor, emblematic at once of the hope of a Christian, and of the name of the colony. These lions gape and grin in a most formidable manner, and exhibit their teeth in the true Dutch taste; but the whole is not badly executed. The church is likewise furnished with a tolerable organ.

The Lutheran chapel stands at the upper end of Strand-street, at the north-west entrance of the town; it is without a steeple, but is adorned externally with three or four chubby figures which seem to have perched themselves rather clumsily upon the roof. An ostrich is carved out over the door; and in the interior of the church the figure of this bird is thrice repeated:—once where with short outstretched wings it forms the reading desk of the clerk;—upon the body of the pulpit; and, lastly, above upon the sound board.

The pulpit is supported in front by two well-carved Herculean figures, coloured to resemble bronze ; and the organ, which fronts it at the opposite end of the chapel, stands upon pillars stained in imitation of marble. The general internal structure of this chapel resembles that of most of the country churches in England, being an oblong divided by two rows of heavy arched pillars, running nearly the whole length of the building. The centre division between the pillars forms the body of the church. Chairs are likewise used here instead of pews, a custom which has probably arisen from the scarcity of wood in this colony when at its first foundation every man provided his own seat.

The Stadthouse is a clumsy building of red stone, in the market square, about the center of the town. Here the burghers of the Cape assemble on particular occasions, though it be now but seldom used. It is ornamented with pilasters and a portico, which may be called the slave's portico ; for here when unemployed, especially in rainy weather, or towards the close of the summer evenings, they assemble together in groups,

and talk over the hardships of a life of slavery.

Upon the eastern side of the town stand the barracks, a long white building with wings capable of holding three thousand men. It is in length about five hundred feet, and two hundred in depth, and being full of windows and standing detached, it cannot fail to strike the eye of a stranger from shipboard. The English have surrounded it with a wall, and made some other improvements.

The lodge for the government-slaves is a large, plain, oblong building, about eighty paces long, and twenty broad, with an area in the center. It stands between the church and the Company's garden, and has nothing in its structure worthy of notice, being destined solely for the habitation of the slaves belonging to the government, they having been formerly in the service of the Dutch East India company.

The last public building which we shall notice is the Tronk, or prison; it stands by the water side, and is at once the Bridewell, the Old Bailey, the Newgate, and the Doctors Commons of Cape-town; here the trials

of life and death are held ; hither delinquent slaves are sent to be corrected ; and here prisoners are confined, and are led thence to the place of execution. Its only ornament is a small turret with a bell, which seldom tolls but on the last of these melancholy occasions. The office of the commissary of the Court of Marriages is likewise here, and to which every person must apply for a permission previous to marrying. Insomuch that whether a man be going to be married or to be hanged, he must first pay a visit to the Tronk.

The Company's garden is situated six hundred paces from the water side ; close by the entrance is the town guard-house, the architecture of which, and of the garden gate, is in a purer taste than that of any other public building in the Cape. A walk planted with oaks and hedges of myrtle on each side, leads from one end of the garden to the other, and measures in length nearly one thousand paces. The whole is divided by rows of trees into square plots, between each of which is a shady walk. At the upper end of the garden is a walled-in spot, where formerly the menagerie was kept, consisting of such animals

peculiar to this colony as are deemed rare in Europe, but there are at present none kept here; and the place of course is in a neglected state.

The garden forms the park of Cape Town, being much frequented by the inhabitants, especially in the summer evenings, when the trees being full of leaves the shadiness of the walks is agreeable. The governor's house stands half way up the garden.

As to the streets, those in the lower part of the town are well paved, and kept in good order; but those in the upper are, many of them, in a wretched condition; without pavement, or worse than without, rugged portions of the rock appearing so plainly that the direction of the strata may be perceived. The English, however, who are every day improving and beautifying the town, will, no doubt, before long, cause all such defects to be rectified. The streets are not lighted at night, nor is there a foot pavement as in the English towns, this being in some measure prevented by the manner in which the houses are built with little terraces, or as they are called here, stoops, which run the whole length of the house, and of which we shall speak hereafter.

There are three squares in Cape Town : Church Square, the Market Square, and Hottentot Square. The first is in the lower part of the town, so called from the church, the wall of which, together with the front of the government slave-lodge, forms nearly one side of the square. In laying the foundation of many of the houses in this square, especially those near the church, several tomb-stones with Portuguese inscriptions were dug up, and which probably covered the remains of the first European settlers at this celebrated point of Africa.

The Market Square is about the center of Cape Town, and is sometimes called Stadt-house Square, from the town house which stands here. The houses are mostly all shops, and it is likewise the great place of resort for the slaves, who assemble sometimes in such numbers as to fill great part of the square : here likewise is exposed to sale fruit of all kinds, besides ostrich eggs, feathers, and other articles of African produce.

Hottentot Square is built upon the slope of the Lion's Rump, insomuch that the upper side of the square is considerably more elevated than the opposite one. It is irregularly

built and not paved. The English have lately caused a well to be dug here, where, if they succeed in finding good water, the inhabitants in the upper part of the town will be greatly benefited, having been formerly obliged to send down to the very lowest part for water. Hottentot Square is the place whither come almost all the waggons of the country people, where they may be often seen drawn up side by side in ranks, with Hottentot servants, from the most distant part of the colony, and of the most singular appearance, lying in them asleep, or basking about in the sun. The upper side of this square may be considered as the western boundary of the town. The parade, or as it is called by the Dutch, the Heere Graght, may be termed an open oblong, two sides of which, namely to the west and south, are regularly built, but open on the east end towards the castle, and irregularly built towards the water. The houses on the parade belong to the most respectable inhabitants of the Cape. From it there is a clear view of the blue mountains of Hottentot Holland; and since a great fire which took place here in Sept. 1798, and consumed a long range of government stables,

the view is open towards the Bay, and the opposite hills. The open space is intersected with ditches, and on the west side are two square fountains, from which till lately all the water of the town was drawn. It does not rise here, but is brought in pipes from the foot of Table Mountain to these fountains, from each of whose sides it issues in a perpetual stream. This water in its quality is pure and excellent, and free from all saline or mineral taste; an important circumstance, springs of perfectly fresh water being exceedingly scarce in all parts of the colony.

The great road leading to the interior of the country, runs along one side of the parade and winds round the castle; not however without bringing you close under the place of public execution, surrounded by a square wall, and where gibbets, wheels, and stakes of impalement are exposed to public view; objects over which English humanity and delicacy ought long before this period to have thrown a veil. We come lastly to the castle which may be considered as a little town of itself. It stands close to the Bay, and its fortifications are in a pentagonal form. Within its walls are almost all the public offices. The Secre-

tary's, the pay-master general's, the office of the Vice-chamber, the post office, &c. here also the courts of admiralty are held, and all the records and registers of the Colony kept ; in a word, considering that the whole public business of the country, circulates through the Castle, it may be considered as the heart of the colony.

With respect to climate, that of the Cape is upon the whole exceedingly temperate and agreeable, but liable to sudden changes from heat to cold ; neither are there those gradual transitions from one season to another, that are experienced in Europe. The year is divided into two seasons by the periodical winds. In the summer from the month October to March the wind blows generally from the south east, and when it is violent brings along with it clouds of sand and dust, and forms the most disagreeable part of the climate of the Cape. The air is filled with a fine dust which penetrates, and covers every thing, and which is carried off to sea in such quantities and with such violence, that it has been perceived on board of vessels many miles from the coast, and as hath been asserted, even out of sight of land. During the winter monsoon, on the contrary, north west winds

prevail, and bring in with them from the sea fogs and clouds and lightning and rain. The clouds are stopped and collected by the high hills of the Cape, before they break and descend in rain, and the rolling noise of the thunder, echoed and re-echoed by the surrounding hills is grand and awful. During the rains, the weather is sometimes cold and chilly even to an Englishman, who looks in vain for the comforts of an English fireside. To him the seasons here are reversed; in December, oppressed by the heat, he calls to remembrance the cool and shaded walks of his own country; whilst in July he has to regret the want of blazing fires, pleasing society, and those thousand other little comforts which beguile the winter hour, and to which the blast that howls without serves only to add a double relish.

CHAPTER II.

THE INHABITANTS.

*Reddere qui voces jam scit Puer, et pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.*

HORACE.

THERE is perhaps no set of people on the face of the globe, whose character is more difficult to catch or to describe, than that of the inhabitants of the Cape at the present day. To draw the outlines of their lofty mountain, with its covering of clouds, their Lion Hills, and their Bay, requires no extraordinary pencil. But who shall hold the mirror up to Nature, and shew the very body of the times its form and pressure, if that form be but indistinct and faintly marked? As yet the people of the Cape are only about to assume a character. They are neither English, nor French, nor Dutch. Nor do they form an original class as Africans, but a singular mixture of all together, which has not as yet acquired a consistence, and is therefore almost impossible to be exactly represented.

A mild climate, abundance of nourishment, and a happy political situation, have contributed to render the external appearance of the white inhabitants of the Cape pleasing and attractive. Their features are for the most part regular; their hair and eyes light, and their complexion fair. This however is only to be understood of such families as are almost free from a mixture of colour; I say almost, because such are the genial effects of the climate, or mode of living, that in many instances where the colour is very perceptible in the father or mother, no trace of it is to be found among the children of either sex.

In raising their children there is little of that domestic education, those maternal or paternal precepts which form the infant mind in England to habits of obedience, affection, and application, far beyond what is inculcated and learnt as a task at school. The child learns its lessons of French or English, according to the disposition of the parents, scrawls a few lines with its school-fellows, and then returns home to mingle and converse with slaves. Seldom is a mother heard to say, "My child you have lied, why do you disgrace yourself? you have done amiss, why

will you make your parents blush for you?" On the contrary, by treating almost every thing with indifference, except when under an occasional fit of peevishness or affection, the parent imprints upon his child no fixed rule of morality, but leaves it like himself to the dangerous and uncertain impulse of every passion which can agitate the human breast.

Happily this indifference to good, this want of virtuous enthusiasm, extends its influence towards the passions, and meliorates their violence, which would otherwise be irresistible. Hence if warm friendships be uncommon or unknown, violent and open enmity is almost equally so: in its place is substituted a cold rancour, which vents itself in expressions of hatred and contempt, but does not excite to acts of violence or revenge. From this same indifference it happens, that most domestic quarrels have their set and fixed remedies provided by the laws. If a husband and wife disagree, it is easy to separate. If a young man disobeys his parents, he is taken before the Fiscal, or Chief Magistrate, and by him rebuked; and in the female world, if one be spoken ill of by another, the delinquent may be brought before the same tribunal,

and made to prove the assertion or suffer for its falsehood.

From the little taste for reading which prevails amongst them, they are universally given to dancing, in which they display all the elegance and liveliness they possess. It is at a dance that the women of the Cape are seen to best advantage. Their dresses of Indian muslin; their nodding feathers, their graceful motions, and their countenances, in general beautiful, animated by the lively music of the violin, contribute to place them in the most favourable point of view. No coarseness of manners, no indelicacy of expression, no selfishness of heart are *then* apparent, and the European stranger, who has just traversed a watery waste of ten thousand miles is transported to find himself amidst a scene, which calls to his remembrance the manners and amusements of his own country amid the mountains of Africa.

The women are sometimes married here very early, sixteen years may be fixed upon as almost the general age at which they become wives, and often mothers; and ten, twelve, and even eighteen children are not uncommonly the produce of one marriage.

Perhaps the laxity of authority, which pervades their system of education, is greatly owing to such youthful marriages and such numerous offsprings. For if either of these causes singly may be supposed detrimental to the right education of children, how much more when united together ?

The women seldom suckle their children ; the most prevailing practice is to consign them over in a manner to a faithful female slave, who suckles them, overlooks them, brings them up ; in a word, becomes a second mother to them, without however acquiring much influence over them in their maturer years. Happy are they, and reason have they to be grateful, who have not sucked the milk of slavery, nor found it necessary to divide their affections between the mother who gave them birth, and the one who preserved their existence.

In their families, the members of them do not pay that attention to their dress, nor preserve that proper respect for each other, which form the great bonds of domestic happiness in England. But perhaps it is not fair to draw the comparison with the English, as, from what I have seen and heard, I much doubt if any nation on the globe can be com-

pared to them for attention to those little delicacies, which arise from every individual thinking highly of himself, and yet not meanly of his neighbour.

The tables of the middling ranks are generally well covered, and their feasts are mere exhibitions of fish, flesh, and fowl, heaped together with the utmost profusion. The wines of Europe are the most esteemed, but those of the Cape, mixed with water, form the universal table drink: beer of all sorts being only used as a luxury. They do not sit to drink after dinner, but retire to sleep, a practice common both to men and women, and which contributes not a little to give them that general tendency to grow fat, which often takes place at a very early period of life.

There exists not at the Cape that marked difference in the manners of the two sexes which we find in Europe. In conversation the women are free and unreserved, and very often not only listen to, but make use of expressions by no means to be reconciled with English ideas of decency and propriety. They are not the disciples, they might be the models, of the school of Mrs.

Wolstonecraft; they call every thing by its right name, and seem in general to think that actions which men may perform with impunity ought equally to be allowed to themselves. Yet with all this, they are more humane, more affectionate, more disinterested than the men, whose manners they serve to soften and refine; and thus do they still support the natural excellency of the female character, which the man of observation in every clime must have seen, and every man possessed of a heart have felt.

Religion has but little effect upon the manners of the generality of the inhabitants. They profess Christianity it is true, but the spirit and happy effects of its doctrines seem to be but coldly felt and little understood. They go to church at the stated hours; they dress in black on sacramental days; they sing; they stand up and they sit down with the utmost propriety; but they do not seem to perceive the admirable adaptation of the precepts of Christianity to every situation of common life; it is with them, as with too great a proportion of the Christian world, a religion made for Sundays, but not for any other day in the week.

Their ideas are almost entirely commercial; their general conversation is of buying and selling, and the best friends will sell to each other, and with a view of gain. No sooner are two or three met together, especially females, than the words dear, cheap, rix-dollars, so many schalins per ell, &c. are sure to strike the ear. The merits of every commercial man in the place are discussed, from the first merchant to the smallest trader, and the darling theme is continued day after day, with unwearied delight. A good housewife is esteemed here, not so much from her attention to her household, as from her knowledge of the prices of different articles of merchandise, and in what quarter of the town to look for them; and the rearing of children or the management of the slaves is in comparison but a secondary consideration.

The houses are in general built much upon the same plan. On the ground floor a passage, on each side of which are apartments, leads to the hall where the family generally dines, notwithstanding the number of doors which open out of it on all sides, and render it very disagreeable as a winter dining place. The houses are built with more attention to cool-

ness than the climate seems to require. The rooms are lofty and not plastered in the ceiling, which particularly strikes the eye of a stranger; the floors are not carpeted, and few are provided with chimnies. In summer they are fond of darkening the rooms by half closing the shutters, in order to exclude the heat and the flies, which last are sometimes very numerous, and at meal times troublesome.

With respect to the slaves, they are lodged sometimes in the house, but most generally in small apartments connected with, or but slightly separated from the main building; their mode of living is left to themselves, and their food consists principally of what is left from the tables of their masters. It may be here observed, that the whole heathen mythology is ransacked to find them names, which are in general bestowed in a manner not the most honourable to those deities at whose altars one half of the human race formerly bowed down. Thus Jupiter cleans the shoes, Hercules rubs down the horses, and Juno lights the fire. Yet is not this done through any disrespect towards these once remarkable names, as those in Scripture are applied with as little ceremony, and in as inappropriate a

manner, Sampson being daily sent for water, and Solomon up to the Table Mountain to cut firewood.

The amusements of the Cape are few : balls, private parties, cards, and visiting, constitute almost the whole ; the theatre which the English are engaged in building not being as yet to be considered under that head ; but the great, the universal enjoyment of the inhabitants is walking the streets in parties, during the beautiful moonlight evenings of this climate. These parties laugh aloud, talk, joke, salute each other as they meet, and sometimes continue their diversion till midnight. This they significantly call street-walking. The English have not yet acquired a relish for this mode of passing a summer evening, although it be not without its charms, especially when the night is clear, when scarcely a breeze disturbs the surface of the Bay, and its waves break one after another in almost noiseless succession on its sandy shores.

CHAPTER III.

THE SLAVES.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery,
—Still thou art a bitter draught.

STERNE.

IN presenting even a slight sketch of the Cape, it would be very defective if the slaves occupied no part of it; their numbers, their varieties, their dress, and the manner in which they are in general treated, are subjects not to be passed over in silence; and in some points of view they present, as we shall quickly see, an object which can hardly fail to touch and to interest.

Domestic slavery has at all times and in all nations been productive of much evil. A pampered slave is insufferably insolent; an oppressed one is constantly trembling and cringing, and by the daily sight of either, the heart of youth is necessarily hardened and depraved. The children of the family mingle with the young slaves. They play with them one moment, and the next they see them beaten and in tears; but through habit the child thinks nothing of it, and waits with great coolness till his companion has done

weeping to renew his play. Hence too often arises in early youth hardness of heart, a feeling for self alone, and a checking of all the best emotions of human nature. Alas! the best of men, as they advance in life, and behold every day ingratitude, greediness of riches, and selfishness, are but too apt to contract their hearts. What must it be, when the child is reared in insensibility, and is permitted to make his fellows at once the companions of his sports and the objects of his tyranny and caprice?

But these reflections belong more properly to our view of the inhabitants and their manners. Let us confine ourselves at present to the slave alone. No situation can be more adapted for collecting those of every nation than the Cape of Good Hope. It lies in the very bosom of slavery. On either side of it are extended the coasts of Africa, in every age the mother of an unfortunate race, and all to the eastward here and there clusters of islands furnish an endless variety. At the Cape they are collected into one. There they are no longer merely Malays, or Malabars, or Natives of the coast of Mozambi-

que ; they are slaves. Let us first take a rapid view of them as such.

In general the slaves of the Cape are not ill treated, are well clothed, and well fed. If now and then an instance be found to the contrary, that affects not the general character. A man may use his slave ill ; but the slaves at the Cape are well treated ; or he may lodge him badly, but the slaves of the Cape are well lodged ; or he may half clothe or half feed him, but the slaves of the Cape are well clothed and fully fed.

In our view of the inhabitants, it may be seen that the slave lodges in general under the same roof as his master. He is fed with what comes from his table, mingling with it however a greater proportion of rice. His clothing generally consists of a short blue cloth jacket, a light waistcoat, and loose blue trowsers. On his head he wears either a coarse hat, or a handkerchief tied round it like a turban, but he is in general without either shoes or stockings ; the collar of his shirt is open, and a blue or red handkerchief is tied loosely round his neck. Sometimes however you meet a slave beau : his ears are

ornamented with rings, a red shawl is wrapped round his neck, a plume of common ostrich feathers wave in his hat, he treads lightly along, nodding his feathers, and looking proudly round him. He is lifted above the ground, and has totally forgotten that he is a slave.

In their marriages they use few or no ceremonies, if indeed the manner in which the male and female slaves associate deserve the name of marriage. No long services engage affection; no priest bestows his benediction on the nuptial bed; no parent gives away his daughter, and assembles his friends on the happy day; slavery lights the marriage torch; slavery leads them alone and unattended to the marriage bed. The husband visits his wife as he can find opportunities, and leaves her when he pleases to take another, without ceremony and without reproach. And what else can be expected, when he knows that he himself is the property of one man, his wife perhaps of another, and his children liable to be given to a third or fourth? It is slavery—it is slavery in all its stages and all its shapes which depraves the mind, and debases human nature.

On the birth of a child, however, maternal affection springs up in the heart of the female slave. She forgets for a time her other cares, and begins to experience the solitudes and the joys of a mother. The child is dressed out, and its head covered with a cap which sits close, and in shape exactly resembles that which we see represented in many of the ancient Egyptian statues. The master looks upon the infant as a new accession of property, and even if he be at other times severe, now relaxes his authority; hence great rejoicings, feasts, and dancing among the slaves, and a night spent in merriment. By degrees, however, all this is forgotten, the feastings are over, and the mother returns to her former occupations. It is in these dances that the slaves show themselves off to best advantage. The women display much taste and even elegance in their dress, nor are their dances wild, irregular, or unaccompanied with proper music. They are faithful imitators of what they see daily performed among the white inhabitants, and display an easiness of motion, and a justness of ear which never fail to surprize and please an European unapprized of this circumstance.

Having thus taken a view of the slave under the authority of his master, let us attend him to that hour when he escapes the chain, when he lays him quietly down, and hears no longer the voice of his oppressor. Even the slave must not be committed to his native dust without a tear; and perhaps were we to find that he too had a wife, and a brother, and a friend, and behold them weeping over his grave, we might not be ashamed to sit down with them, and pay our tribute likewise to his memory.

As soon as the breath has left the body of the sick man, the women who surround the bed, burst out into tears and lamentations, and communicate the infection of sorrow to the men. The corpse is dressed out not without much weeping, and a day is allowed for the assembling of his friends to mourn over his remains. The Malay expresses his grief by sitting beside his dead friend in profound silence, and with downcast and pensive look; but the natives of Malabar and Mozambique break into sudden and violent floods of sorrow, which they often seem to begin and end in concert. On the day of interment, the friends again assemble and follow the bier to

the place appointed; here the body is committed to the earth with more or less ceremony, according to the religion or piety of the tribe: all express sorrow, but with the greater part, this sorrow is of no long duration. The Malays alone extend their care and seem to cherish their grief. On the third, seventh, tenth, fortieth, and hundredth day, they again assemble round the grave, pour sweet-scented waters upon it, and strew over it the choicest flowers. They bid the earth lie lightly on the breast of their former companion, and for the last time mingle their tears together over him. Having thus performed the last duties of friendship and affection, they return and feast together, well assured that their friend is happy.

How many tears doth this pleasing hope wipe away, and how does it lighten the burden of the afflicted? Who can sufficiently admire the extensiveness of its influence? Ancient and modern nations; those inhabiting hot, and such as live in cold climates; nations warlike and nations effeminate, civilized and ignorant, separated by rivers, by continents, by seas, yet join in the fond hope that all perish not in the dust, but that the

hand of friend shall again be joined to that of friend, and the father meet his departed child in another and a better world.

Having thus given a general sketch of the Cape slaves, I proceed to relate in what manner these ideas were suggested to me, and to add some further particulars.

In one of our morning walks about the town, observing a considerable crowd before the door of a house, my friend and I went up and inquired what was going forward, and were informed that it was a public sale of all the effects of a colonist deceased. Scarcely had we joined the crowd, when the auctioneer mounted upon a chair and struck for some time upon a round plate of brass, as a signal that the auction was going to begin. Immediately all was attention. Numbers of articles were put up and disposed of; till, growing tired of the scene, we were going away; a short pause, however, and then a murmur in the assembly, announced that something else than trifles was going to be produced. We accordingly waited a moment, and soon saw a black man coming forward through the crowd; "Ah!" said Charles, "they are going to dispose of the family slaves, let us stop a little longer."

The first that was put up was a stout native of the Mozambique coast. His look was sad and melancholy, his hands hanging down clasped together as if they were bound, and his eyes fixed upon the earth. When he heard that his lot was determined, and that he was sold for six hundred rix-dollars, he raised his eyes up heavily to look for his new master, and followed him out of the crowd without speaking a word; but we thought that his cheek was wet with tears, and perhaps we were right; for the purchaser told us with some expressions of compassion, that he had been a great favourite of his deceased friend. Many more were put up, the household of the deceased having been very numerous, but on the countenances of all of them sorrow and the humiliation of slavery were the predominating features. At length an object was presented which almost made us weep: a mother was brought forward with a little girl of three years old clinging to her, which they wished to tear from her, whilst she, dreading the threats of her owners, feebly told her child to leave her, at the same time that she folded her arms round it. "Put them up together, put them up together," said every

voice ; it was consented to, and the woman kissing her child and leading it by the hand, advanced to the spot appointed. Whilst they were bidding for her, she looked anxiously round in every countenance, as if imploring compassion. Her price was bade up to seven hundred dollars, which the auctioneer repeated a long time without any body seeming willing to say more.—“ The man who has bought her and the child,” said one who stood next to us, “ has the reputation of being very cruel to his slaves. “ Has he?” said Charles, whilst the blood rushed into his face, “ but he has not got them yet.” “ Seven hundred and ten,” cried he with a voice trembling with eagerness. Every body turned their eyes upon us, and the mother and the little child looked full in Charles’s face. “ Seven hundred and twenty,” said the man, starting up ; “ fifty,” said the other ; “ eight hundred,” bade Charles ; the man bit his lips ; a long pause ensued ; “ eight hundred and one,” said a mild looking old man whose humanity I was well acquainted with ; Charles drew back, and the poor slave was allotted to a mild master.

When we had got into the street, I could

not help remarking how lightly Charles walked along, and how his eyes glistened with the pleasing reflection of having done a good action. Every now and then also he exclaimed to himself, "poor child! poor child! I have saved you some stripes however," and then he would walk on so fast that I could scarcely keep up with him. After he had given some vent to his feelings, he began to converse about the slaves, and expressed his astonishment at the great variety amongst them: "Come, my friend," said he, "put on your philosopher's countenance; as we are two Peripatetics, explain to me these different varieties in your best manner, not in a cold style, but as if you were addressing a numerous audience." "Agreed," said I, "Charles, for I know that when you represent the audience, I shall find it a very partial and forgiving one.

"Behold that slave coming towards us bending beneath the weight of two cords of wood suspended to the ends of a bamboo which he balances across his shoulder. His black complexion, his curly hair, his thick lips, and his tattooed forehead, announce him from the coast of Mozambique, his strong

make shows him capable of fatigue, and in his inoffensive and humbled countenance, you may read that he has often submitted to blows and unmerited reproaches without for a moment thinking of revenge; he performs the task which is set him without objections and without inquiry. You see him now walking slowly along oppressed with his load; and perhaps you pity his fate; follow him to the next corner, there sits one of his companions playing on a jew's-harp. He stops; he listens; pleasure steals into his soul—he throws off his load—he beats the ground with his heels—raises his hands clasped above his head—gives himself up to the wildest and most inconsiderate joy, and, occupied only with the present, thinks neither of the hours of bitterness which are past, nor of those which are yet to come.

“ Observe the one who comes next. Even at a distance his upright form, his nervous make, his free step, announce the Malay, or native of the Island of Java, the king of slaves. As he approaches, mark his long, coal black hair which hangs half down his back, his yellow complexion, his glancing and jealous eye, which looks askance upon slavery. He

knows well that from his class are formed the house-painters, the musicians, the ingenious workmen of the Cape. He is proud of this distinction, and glories in the name of Malay. He exacts some deference from his master; his gestures, his speech, sometimes slow and sedate, at others rapid and violent, seem to say, 'I know that I am your slave, but be cautious how you use your power.' A reproach stings and irritates him; a blow wounds his proud heart; he hoards it up in his remembrance, and broods upon his revenge. Time passes on, the master forgets that he has given the blow, but the Malay never. At length the bad part of his character is cruelly displayed: he intoxicates himself with opium and the madness of revenge, he rushes upon his unguarded master with his kris or crooked Malay dagger, and stabs him once, twice, ten times. The unfortunate wife and children are not safe if they cross his way, he sallies out into the street, and running madly along, sacrifices all that he meets, till overpowered by numbers he is brought to suffer the punishment of his crime.

"Follow him to the place of execution. Some days are past, and the intoxication of

opium is over, but do you observe his countenance in the least changed by fear or remorse? Not at all. He is bound to the wheel—the executioner breaks all his limbs one after another—but not a tear, not a groan escapes him—at length nature is exhausted—perhaps he breathes the name of Hali his Prophet, and expires with the consolation of having had his revenge.

“ What a contrast is presented to this character in the slave whom you see there following his master. His features of the European cast, his slender but well formed shape, his mild and inoffensive looks, and his black hair curled but not woolly, announce the harmless native of the Malabar Coast. He is in all respects the best of the household slaves. Without the inactivity or dulness of the Mozambiquer, or the penetrative genius of the Malay, he forms an excellent medium between the two—More intelligent, more industrious, and more active than the former; more docile and more affectionate than the latter, he unites steadiness with vivacity, and capability of instruction to winning manners. Expect not from him violent opposition—While the native of Mozambique often grows

obstinate, and hardens under the lash ; whilst the Malay frowns and prepares to sharpen his dagger, the Malabar bends to the blow, and endeavours to avert it by tears and entreaties. Never is he brought to justice for crimes of a heinous nature ; never are his feeble hands stained with blood ; but if, through a false accusation, or a disposition too liable to be made the tool of knavery, one of this class is brought to suffer death, he shudders, and turns away his head at the sight of the place of execution ; he shrieks aloud whilst the blow is yet suspended and before it falls, and with tears and groans he implores compassion till his life and sufferings are at an end.

“ But come, let us leave scenes of blood, the place of execution, and its wheels and engines : behold yon light waggon advancing so rapidly upon us, drawn by fourteen or sixteen oxen, and led by a Hottentot who runs before them ; see with what dexterity the master, sitting in the front of the waggon and cracking his long whip, directs the whole. The Hottentot, as you would observe, has on him nothing of what in England would be called clothes ; an undressed sheep skin is fastened round his neck, and hangs down be-

hind him like a cloak ; at every motion of his body it flies back and exposes his tawny skin, his meagre make, and his small and active limbs ; before him hangs a small pouch fastened round his loins with a leathern thong. With not a single other article of dress, without hat, without shoes, he leads his oxen through sun and wind and rain, over stones and hot sandy roads. Sometimes he puts on a pair of undressed leathern sandals, which are fastened round the ankles ; and sometimes an old tattered hat protects his head from the rain or sun ; but neither of these is universally worn ; and in general the one which has passed us may serve as a specimen of all the rest. It is true, he has not the name of slave, but his condition is not on that account in the least more desirable ; by the laws of the colony he is only bound to serve till the age of five and twenty, after which he becomes free. This his ignorance generally prolongs till late in life, and his master may then cast him off to seek his bread elsewhere.

“ These may be reckoned the four principal stocks of the slaves of the Cape. The Malay, the native of the Mozambique and Malabar coasts, and the colonial-born slave.

It must not be imagined, however, that these different races are anxious to preserve themselves unmixed. In this place they are quickly mingled together, and many a slave can boast of an European father. Hence results the most complete variety of features, and shades of colour, that is perhaps to be met with in any part of the globe. Yellow, jet black, white and copper-coloured are kneaded together into a mass. Every face that passes us is of a different colour from the one that went before it, and the eye is continually amused by a strange and unceasing variety.

“ The different females preserve likewise in their domestic occupations something of the character of their nation. The female Malay takes care of the house, gives an account of every article, arranges the linen and clothes in the presses, is intrusted with several of the keys ; and, having finished her work, she coils up her long black hair on the crown of her head, where she fastens it with a silver bodkin, and then sits down to knit at the feet of her mistress.

“ The Malabar female, mild and gentle, is like her husband, employed in every kind of the lighter domestic occupations. No blows

are required to induce her exertions; a threat terrifies her. She redoubles her activity, is anxious to show herself attentive to the interests of the family, cleans and arranges the furniture; and in the evening, having kissed her children and put them to sleep, she brings her knitting needles and seats herself by the side of her companions.

“ The female of Mozambique, generally stronger than her fellows, yet at the same time sufficiently active and intelligent, is sometimes employed in works of drudgery, and sometimes in those of a lighter kind. According to the will of her owners, sometimes you may see her carrying on her head a large bundle of linen to wash in the brook which runs from Table Hill. Sometimes nursing the children of the family, and advanced to honour: but in either occupation, she is always found, like the male, patient, performing what is set to her, and no more; pleased with praise, but not over anxious to obtain it, and going through her task more through the wish of seeing the end of it than the desire of performing it well.

“ The female Hottentot contents herself with the lowest class, and is indeed seldom

employed by the families at the Cape, being chiefly and indeed almost only to be found in the farm houses and at some little distance from the Cape. The Hottentot character, both male and female, is said to be the least engaging of the whole. They neither make themselves so useful as the Malay, nor do they possess the affectionate disposition of the natives of Malabar or Mozambique. They labour only through absolute necessity, and would quickly sink into profound indolence if not perpetually incited to action. After remaining many years with a family, and being kindly treated, they will leave it with great indifference; and indeed, Charles, to say the truth, I have seen so many instances of cold ingratitude among those of this nation, that it cannot be denied the charge is not altogether without foundation: yet, at the same time, having seen many instances to the contrary, let us reserve their character for a particular discussion."

Here I paused to take breath, and Charles, who had listened to me with great attention, waited for some little time, and then asked me, if I had any thing more to say? for that if I had not, it was almost two o'clock. "I un-

derstand you," said I smiling, "your walk has done you good. Come then, let us return and eat together." We accordingly turned round in the Company's garden where we were then walking, and conversed on indifferent subjects till we reached the house. .

CHAPTER IV.

WALK ROUND THE LION HILL.

*Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
In cælum scopuli.*

VIRGIL.

HAVING determined upon surveying the Lion Hills, we took our departure about half an hour before sun-set, taking a path that led in the direction between the head and the west end of the Table Hill. The houses and gardens, which extend in a straggling line to the foot of the surrounding hills, amused our attention till we had now passed the last house, and were descending into a sort of large hollow, which lies between the two hills. At the bottom of this valley runs a small stream of water, where we slacked our thirst, and then began to climb the ridge which connects the head with Table Mountain. We found it formed of a kind of gravelly stone, in which the torrents coming down from the hills had formed long and narrow chasms about six or eight feet in depth, and two or three feet in width, and which gave us no small inconve-

nience in our progress. As we were completely in the shadow of the Lion's Head, and as the sun was now near setting, we hastened our footsteps, and just reached the top of the eminence in time to see the upper part of his broad disk above the surface of the water.

In this country, in the summer season after a sultry day, the grateful coolness of the air that generally takes place immediately after sun-set is extremely agreeable; a breeze from the sea blew gently in our faces, and diffused freshness and comfort over us. On our right hand was the lofty precipice of the Lion's Head, and on our left the western end of the Table Hill, which here terminates abruptly; at our feet lay the small flat valley of the Camps Bay, bounded on one side by high and craggy hills running in a S.E. direction, and on the other by the sea stretched out before us as far as the eye could reach. The western hemisphere seemed to glow with fire, but where we were, all was shade, the air was cool and refreshing, and we halted for some minutes to enjoy the prospect, and prepare for pursuing our route.

In continuing our walk, we had not pro-

ceeded far before we again halted to examine and admire a large chasm which seemed to cut into the very heart of the Lion Hill, and betray the secrets of its internal structure. It appeared to Charles to be a mass of solid stone sundered by some far remote convulsion of nature; the harsh and more striking features of which had been softened by the influence of time. I, on the contrary, was rather inclined to attribute the formation of this chasm to the mere influence of the heavy rains of the winter season. This he disputed; I replied, and turning our eyes to a stratum of black mould mixed with sea shells, now far above the level of the sea, we presently lost ourselves in conjectures on the remotest epochs of time and nature.

Meanwhile, we had advanced a considerable way on the road that leads round the Head. This road, which has been cut by the English out of the side of the hill, is bounded on the right by the Mountain, but it is open and unguarded towards the sea, upon which you look down as from an immense artificial mound; the sides are so steep, yet so regularly sloped. Great masses of stone lie both above and beneath the road, many of which by

their position seem to threaten every instant to fall, and roll still farther down into the sea. These masses appear for the most part to be formed of gravel or small stones, which are cemented together, and have evidently fallen from the upper part of the hill; the nucleus of which, however, seems formed of a solid stone, which may defy to the end of the world the injuries of time. To cover the original nakedness of this rugged scene, Nature has scattered with a prodigal hand wild flowers and shrubs of the most agreeable scent and appearance. Every cleft wherein was any moisture, was adorned with large water lilies, whose cups of a snowy whiteness formed a strong contrast with the dusky sides of the mountain. The geranium, the myrtle, and a great variety of other odoriferous plants, grow here spontaneously, and in great abundance, and the air was perfumed to a considerable distance all round with their mingled scents. When to this are added the stillness and coolness of the evening, the murmuring of the water breaking amongst the rocks beneath our feet, the rising moon, the charm of friendship, and the enthusiasm which the mind feels, in being rapt into past or future

epochs; it will not appear singular that Charles and I were delighted with the scene and with the moment. Yes, my good reader, and I do truly believe, that had you been with me at that moment, and felt your heart lifted up towards the Creator, as mine always is, at an interesting view of nature, your blood would have begun to run more kindly through your veins, and you would have been the better man for it, for a week to come.

My friend and I walked cheerfully along till we had now turned what is properly called the Head. We then stopped and looked down upon a small house built close to the shore, named the Society House. The land here projects a small way into the sea, and presents a barrier of rocks to stem the fury of the whole Southern Ocean which breaks upon this shore with immense impetuosity. The wind, which was beginning to freshen up from the west, impelled this great body of water with increased violence; it rolled in upon the shore enormous waves, which as they approached the land seemed to collect all their force, till rising to a tremendous height, they began to curl at the top, and instantly descended with a noise like thunder, and a force that shook the ground; the

glittering of the water in the moonlight, as it broke over the rocks, formed a brilliant scene beneath our feet, whilst the dark clouds rising heavily up from the westward, spread a gloom over the distant part of the sea. The picture was grand and striking, and we enjoyed a full view of it during the whole time that we descended the hill until we reached the plain which lies between the Lion Hills and the sea. All along this shore, however, which is bold and rocky, the waves broke with a dazzling brightness and a "sullen roar" which gratified at once the eye and ear. It would seem that the scene had disposed us both to silence, for we advanced without speaking till we reached the race ground at Green Point; following the course, it brought us round by a deserted battery, originally constructed for the defence of a small bay or inlet, which it commands. This point, which is extremely favourable for the landing of boats, is almost entirely neglected by the English;—a few anchors cast into the sand, and which perhaps are meant to operate against boats, in the same manner as crow-feet against cavalry, being all that is appointed for its defence. At low water the rocks here extend some distance into the sea,

on which, on Sundays, numbers of slaves may be seen busy in catching a small delicate rock-fish named clip-fish, both with the rod and line, and with baskets, which they let down into the water, with a bait at the bottom, and hawl up one after another by a long hooked pole. As we continued to follow the circle of the race ground, it brought us again to the public road, into which we passed, and continued our way towards the town. On our left hand lay the batteries, constructed along shore to defend the entrance of the bay. Of these, the Amsterdam battery is the chief, being large, well faced with stone, and originally built with cazerns beneath for firing two tier of cannon, though these are now bricked up or formed into windows to air the prison rooms underneath. The Rogge Bay battery is surrounded by fishermen's houses. On the edge of the town, and on the other side of the Amsterdam battery, lies the Chavone's battery, the walls of which are built upon a rock, and washed by the waves. Close under this battery is a round hole, pretty deep, where the water is always still, much frequented in the hot weather by the English gentlemen for the purpose of bathing. These batteries are all

open in the rear; a great defect, since an enemy has only to silence the guns of the first, where he might land, and, for any defence that they could make, take the rest easily; a single battery of two guns, and a kind of block-house surrounded by a wall, being all that is appointed to defend the plain, and the first too high placed to answer that purpose effectually.

Whilst I was giving my friend a description of these batteries, which did not seem to interest him very much, he interrupted me rather earnestly, with "What are these small stones, some of them dark and others white, which shine in the moon light, and seem not to have been set there by chance?" They were not indeed, Charles, said I. "Tread lightly, tread lightly, my friend, we now approach a region sacred to silence and deep repose. These black and white stones are memorials of the dead—and of the neglected dead. Yonder is the slaves' burying ground."

To this, my friend answered not a word: at the mention of the slaves' burying ground, he stopped suddenly, and then as quickly walked on. We soon reached the spot, where

it was plain, from the number of little hillocks, and the disposition of the stones, that it was indeed a burying ground : a mournful silence reigned around us : Table Bay was hushed, or at most, a faint murmur was heard upon its shores—the moon was muffled up in the spreading clouds, and we remained as if rivetted to the earth in silent meditation, when we heard the sobbings of some one at a little distance ; we turned round and beheld the bended form of a female sitting by a newly closed grave.

It is impossible to describe the impression which this object and the scene made upon us. Was it a father, a mother, a child or a husband, whose fresh remains lay buried there ? we dare not ask. “ Perhaps it was a friend,” said Charles, squeezing my hand. “ Perhaps it was,” said I, with a voice half interrupted ; and we stood with tears in our eyes to look at the female slave mourner.

She was sitting by the side of the grave with her head supported between her knees ; but when she heard us approaching, and still more, when she saw us gazing upon her, she smothered her sighs, and lifting up her head, endeavoured to appear as if tossing

about the little crumbling bits of earth with indifference : but in doing this, it seemed to recal the idea of what lay beneath, and she turned now and then aside for a few moments to weep. Her long, black hair, instead of being neatly rolled up on her head according to the mode amongst the female slaves at the Cape, hung dishevelled upon her shoulders ; her dress was loose, her form light, small, elegant, and her whole figure was rendered doubly interesting by the mingled ideas of sorrow and oppression, for she was a female, a mourner, and a slave.

How long did Charles and I remain looking at this unfortunate female ? I know not ; the feelings count not the moments as they pass. We walked slowly away, and on turning round, the mourner appeared to have taken no other notice of our absence than by again bending her head between her knees, and remaining in that posture till we were out of sight.

The slaves' burying ground is close by the road, and perfectly open ; beside it, near to the town, are two burying places belonging to particular inhabitants, and walled round. In approaching the town upon this side, the

only public building that strikes the eye is the Lutheran church, which stands at the entrance of the town: it is a building not altogether devoid of fancy, a description of which has already been given, ornamented with figures which certainly were not cut by the hand of a Praxiteles. We entered by the Strand Street, which runs nearly parallel to the Table Hill, and leads directly down to the castle. As we were now near our home, "What will you do with yourself to-morrow?" said Charles to me, "At your service, my friend." "Very well then, we will visit the Table Land." "That is good," said I, "but it must be done in the morning, the heat of the day will otherwise render the climbing of the hill a disagreeable task." "As to that," said Charles, "let us set off two hours before day break; we shall have the last of the moon's light, and as she sets, from the top of yonder mountain we will enjoy the sublime spectacle of the sun's beginning his daily race." "Your idea is good, Charles," said I; "let us retire soon to rest, and to-morrow morning we will see who is first a foot." Agreed; "Good night, Charles." Good night, my friend,

CHAPTER V.

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

*Jamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet, adversasque aspectat desuper arces.*

VIRGIL,

WHENCE arises this pleasure which I feel in my breast, when I recal to my remembrance what I have seen? Why does the current of my blood glide so-swiftly through my heart, from the recollection of material objects? I have enjoyed an extensive prospect from a lofty mountain. I have seen beneath my feet earth, and sea, and clouds. I have seen the moon lose her pale light, in the impetuous beams of a majestic globe of fire, which arose in the East, and spread his light over the world. I have seen all this,—but had I seen nothing more than earth and sea, and clouds, the moon's waning light, or the sun's rising beam; why do I recal them to my mind with delight? or why did I prostrate myself before the Great Being who made them all, and adore in silence his wisdom and his power?

No.—It was the sentiment of an infinitely wise mind, directing the worlds which I saw moving around me, that touched my heart, and still delights to linger in my remembrance. Unhappy is he who binds himself to the material objects around him, without endeavouring to rise from them to their Great Author. I have been contemplating huge mountains, whose cloud-covered tops seemed to raise me nearer to Heaven, and I admired his power ; but on their loftiest summits a patch of flowers, or a mantle of green, recalled the idea of his benevolence. In a word, from the top of Table Mountain I discovered ten thousand objects to excite my gratitude and reverence towards God, and their constant concomitant, good will towards men. If my reader has a heart any way susceptible of these impressions, let him prepare to accompany me ; if he has not, I am sorry for it, as he will find the trouble of climbing the Table Mountain but poorly rewarded by the mere prospect he will enjoy from it.

After nearly four hours sound sleep, I awoke refreshed in body, and with my mind in a state of calmness and repose. According to

my constant custom, I remained a few minutes in this state of delicious tranquillity, from which I awoke upon hearing the church clock strike two. I arose, and opening the shutter, saw that it was a fine moon-light morning; and pleasing myself with the idea of being first afoot, I hastened to equip myself for the expedition. I had already taken my staff from behind my bed, and was opening the chamber door, when I heard the noise of a small pebble rattling against the window. "Holloa, lazy-boots," said Charles to me, on my looking out, "not yet ready? if you do not make haste you will not see the sun rise from the top of the hill." "I will be with you directly, Charles," said I. So coming down stairs, and shutting the door gently after me, for fear of waking the family, I joined him in the street.

Having shaken hands, and mutually wished each other a friendly good morning, we set off, bending our course upwards through the town, where every thing was buried in sleep and silence. Our footsteps sounded as we stepped along through the empty streets, and being braced by the coolness of the morning air, and the town withal of no very great

extent, we soon reached its outskirts. "Now you must know Charles," said I, "this is likewise my first visit to the Table Hill, and of course I am not positive as to the shortest road to the top." We accordingly held a short deliberation, when seeing on our left hand a pretty deep ravine, which seemed to lead towards the center of the mountain; and being moreover bounded on our right by a long white garden wall, we agreed to follow the course of the ravine, which, indeed, as it afterwards appeared, was the best guide we could have chosen. With this resolution we continued our course upwards, and as the moon shone remarkably clear, not closely following the windings of the ravine, but making every now and then a short turn from one angle of its bends to another. In this manner after turning sometimes to this side and sometimes to that, in order to avoid the larger fragments of rock which lay scattered about in our way, and trampling over stones and stunted prickly shrubs, we arrived at the last house in this direction out of the town. The water in the ravine was here collected in quantity sufficient to turn a mill-wheel, which, however, was now, like the inhabitants

of the house, at rest; and we heard nothing but our own voices and footsteps, till having passed a small hillock, upon which stood a white tomb-stone, the great house dog came running out and barked at us till we were out of sight.

Having proceeded a little farther, we found our road lead us into the ravine, whose banks now became high and steep, and obliged us to walk along their slope, clinging every now and then to the roots and shrubs which adhered to the large stones scattered about in our path. After creeping and groping our way in the shade of the bushes and rocks, upon turning an angle formed by a dark projecting rock, our eyes were struck by a beautiful sight. The rock rose pretty steep before us, and being the course which the water takes in coming down from the hill, was washed perfectly bare. Over this smooth stony surface, which from the bottom to the summit is nearly fifty feet in length, the rivulet spread itself into a broad thin sheet of water, which shone like silver under the moonlight, and descended with a gurgling noise into a deep hole at the bottom. Its uniform half-melancholy sound; its perpe-

tual and rapid gliding, true image of life, together with the solemnity and silence of every object around us, tempted us to halt a few moments, and drink of the cold and limpid water: thus refreshed, we clambered upwards on its stony bed within a few feet of the rivulet, and in a short time reached the spot where it began to flow more upon a level, and again confined within banks. Here we crossed over upon two or three large stones, and as the path every moment became more and more steep, we gradually slackened our pace and proceeded with less eagerness. And now indeed nothing remained in our path but large stones, fragments of the mountain, which, broken off at different and far distant periods by the destructive hand of Time, had rolled down, and now lay scattered in all directions, at the bottom and on the declivity. We continued however to ascend, in silence, against all obstacles, and had reached nearly half up the hill, when Charles stopped short, and panting for breath, cried out, "Plague upon this Table Mountain, I had no conception it was such hard work to get to the top of it." "Nay," said I, laughing, "we are not half way there yet: but let us rest a little, and

then see what is to be done." So seating ourselves upon a large stone, we cast our eyes downward into a deep glen on our left hand, from which issues the water which descends to the town. As the moon was now on the decline, the bottom of the glen was perfectly dark, but there was to be heard the rushing of water; and a little lower down, out of the shade of the steep sides of the glen, the stream issued, of a silver brightness, producing a singular effect as it ran between its dusky banks. On turning our eyes upwards, we could clearly discern, even by the moonlight, that cleft in the center of the hill, called the door, or gate of the Table Mountain; it being indeed, as is said, the only passage by which, on this side, you can ascend to the top. The sight of this redoubled our spirits. "Come," said Charles, springing up, "now I am ready; huzza, for the top." I followed him smiling, and we ascended as fast as the rocks and stones would permit us.

And now, my good Reader, having employed two or three pages to get ourselves and you half way up the hill, and as there remains nothing more in our way but stones and rocks, and long dry grass and prickly shrubs;

and you are perhaps not so tired with your walk as I was when there; you might be displeased should I hoist you from the middle to the top in two lines. I must therefore beg you to lend me a little assistance, and by the help of your imagination, to fill up an equal quantity of two or three pages with huge fragments of rocks, shrubs, and long dry grass. Imagine yourself inclosed in the re-entering angle of a majestic mountain, which rises in a solid wall of granite on both sides of you, on which, however, are cut out and carved by those ingenious and industrious workmen of Time, the Wind and Rain—dark caverns, massy columns, long pillars, and light slender arches, and the whole adorned and connected with all the fantastic fret work of gothic architecture.

Or perhaps, my good Reader, to speak without flattery, your imagination is none of the brightest, and cannot embody all this; you have in that case no other resource than to seat yourself, two pages farther on, with Charles and me upon a large stone, still however some distance from the top, breathless, panting, our mouths parched with thirst, looking with longing eyes towards the top, when

all at once we hear something drop, drop, dropping upon the rock a little way above us. "Water!" cried I—"Water!" said Charles!—Up we start—it was who could get there first; and we soon discovered a little basin of about two feet in diameter, worn out in a large stone, which received the water as it trickled down the sides of the cold rock. After having drank, I lamented that I had brought nothing with me to eat. "I never was so hungry in my life before," said Charles. So with great gravity putting his hand into his pocket, he brought out a most comfortable large piece of bread, which he brake in two, and giving me the half "Eat, eat," said he, in a tone half serious, half pleasant, "and thank that gracious Being who gives you your daily bread." "I do thank him, (said I) and sincerely too;" for indeed my heart was moved at the tone in which Charles spake to me. And there, seated together upon the same rock, we ate our bread, and drank our wholesome beverage out of the same cup of stone; and, having finished, we thanked God for all his benefits. Thus refreshed, the road lost all its ruggedness. We proceeded cheerily, helping one another

over the stones, and in about twenty minutes arrived at the top of the hill.

We were both much surprized to find the summit, which from below appears smooth and level, intersected by deep hollows and craggy rocks, whose bare tops, almost constantly assailed by rude winds and heavy rains, were worn into an endless variety of fantastic shapes. But what had the rude wind and rain to do with the present scene of calmness? Charles and I mounted upon the highest of the rocks, where, having stood a little, and cast our eyes all round, both, as if by an involuntary movement, took off our hats at the same instant, and looked up towards Heaven. After a short pause, "How do you feel, Charles?" said I. "Calm," answered he, "perfectly calm: but at the same time my heart is running over with gratitude to Heaven." "I find our hearts are in unison," returned I; so advancing to a little crag, that was still two or three feet higher than the body of the rock, with our hats still off, and arm in arm, we admired the solemn grandeur of the scene before us.

Already the eastern horizon was marked by

a body of pure white light, which seemed to break from behind the dark hills of Hottentot Holland, and spread itself on all sides. The waning moon seemed gradually to be absorbed, and every moment shone fainter and fainter. The stars in the west still sparkled brightly, but those in the zenith and to the eastward shared the fate of the queen of night, and were, with her, gradually lost in the mild splendour of dawning day. By degrees the light shot up towards the zenith, and there melted into pale blue. The dark mountains of Hottentot Holland, whose craggy outlines were now clearly distinguishable, bounded the view to the east, but far below our feet to the westward the sea spread out its vast watery floor, over which the mists of night still rolled, and collecting into great clouds, seemed to linger in the extreme boundaries of the west. Moving our eyes round towards the north, and still looking downwards, beneath us lay the town, with its gardens, its terraces, and white flat roofed houses; the Table Bay, with a surface smooth and unruffled by the slightest breeze, bearing on its glassy bosom numerous vessels of every nation, riding together peaceably at

anchor. On the opposite side of the Bay, the high hills, somewhat inland, presented their tops covered with snow, and continuing to move ourselves slowly round, we observed in succession, once more the dark mountains of Hottentot Holland; the flat sandy space between the Table and False Bays; the False Bay opening outwards to the Indian ocean; the mountainous south eastern peninsula of Africa, on whose highest pinnacle we seemed to stand, stretching from north-west to south-east, and presenting a broken scene of mountains, precipices, and chasms. Beyond it appeared the Indian Ocean, now faintly enlightened by the beams of the morning, and round again nothing but sea, sea, sea, till we once more came to the Lion Hills, the town with its white houses, Table Bay with its numerous vessels, and a little farther out Roben Island, in the mouth of the Bay.

To this outline might be added some little particulars: The vulture rising from his aerie amongst the rocks, and soaring above our heads till lost to our sight.—The buzzard sailing in mid-air with out-stretched wing, and steering towards its distant prey.—The faint roar of the water breaking along the

rocky coast, scarcely heard so high : the refreshing coolness of the morning air : and lastly, two young friends standing on the summit of a craggy rock, forming the center of this great circle, with minds not incapable of perceiving its magnificence, and hearts not cold enough to perceive it with insensibility.

Perhaps, likewise, the moral views which the different quarters of the prospect presented, had their share in increasing the interest of it. In looking towards the mountains of Hottentot Holland, by means of that intellectual power which God has bestowed on man, we winged our way to their highest summits, and thence discovered with astonishment, in the inmost recesses of Africa, hordes of undiscovered and undescribed savages, prostrate before the light of new-born day. Beyond the waves of the Indian ocean, the nations of Asia with their pagodas, their white-robed bramins, their inoffensive manners, and their antique superstitions. In the distant bosom of the southern ocean, we beheld clusters of peaceful islands, defended by reefs of coral, over which the waves slowly broke, and the friendly inhabitants asleep under the shade of their cocoa nut trees.

With rapid thought we passed the shores of the Brazils and Spanish America, stained with innocent blood, and where the murmur of the waves upon the shore was mingled with the crack of the task-master's lash—the cries of the feeble Indian—and the noise of his mattock as he dug for gold. On the banks of the majestic rivers and lakes, and in the bosom of the forests of the western world, we beheld, with pardonable pride, English laws and institutions, English manners and men, firmly rooted; and pleased ourselves with the thought, that our language would thereby one day become the most extended that has perhaps ever been spoken upon the face of the globe. Then reverting towards the north, we lingered amidst the various cities, the polished arts, and the domineering policy of enlightened Europe; and fixing upon our own happy island, we forgot, for a short moment, all ideas of grandeur and sublimity, and melted at the recollection of the ties by which we felt connected with it.

With hearts thus attuned, and in the midst of a scene so interesting and so magnificent, we long remained in silent wonder and gratitude. But as Nature began to assume more

animation, and from every bush and every cleft in the rock issued up a matin hymn to Heaven—finally, when the sun broke in unclouded majesty over the top of the highest eastern hill—then it was that Charles, in a moment of enthusiasm, grasped my hand, and raised his right towards Heaven!—Then it was, perhaps, that these wild solitudes were first taught to re-echo the sacred name of God to the sound of the human voice. They had before been trodden by the footsteps of a French disciple of atheism and materialism, and to him these lofty mountains conveyed the idea of blind matter, and the roar of the waves upon the rocks that of death and subsequent annihilation. But what a different sensation was conveyed to my heart, when Charles grasped my hand, and exclaimed in an energetic and affecting tone of voice—

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good.
Almighty! Thine this universal frame
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable!!!
Who sitt'st above these Heavens to us invisible!
Or dimly seen in these thy lowliest works;
Yet these declare thy goodness beyond thought,
And power divine.

When he paused, the rocks for a long time re-echoed to his voice. All Nature seemed to join in the morning hymn of our great Poet. The lark ascended, bearing in its notes and on its wings his praise. The wild buck bounded over the distant rocks, and innumerable tribes of beautiful winged insects began to buz about from bush to bush. Thus from a scene of lonely silence all became animated; all seemed to be born to new life, and to breathe in ten thousand different tongues the praise of the Author of Nature.

Having at length sufficiently gratified our eyes with the grandeur of the scene, we descended from the crag, after first cutting out the initials of our names upon it. We then wandered about the top of the hill for upwards of an hour, always however keeping sight of some object by which to direct us back again to the door of the Mountain, there having been instances of the colonists themselves being detained on the top, enveloped in sudden mists and clouds, without being able to find their way down for two days. We had also heard much of the runaway slaves, who live in the holes and clefts of the hill—but we saw none, nor any traces of them,

except a small fire extinguished, and some parched grains of Indian wheat scattered about it. And now, as the sun had been more than an hour up, it began to grow warm, and we set about descending, which we found more troublesome even than the ascent, requiring greater precautions to prevent our slipping and bruising ourselves amongst the stones. We reached home about nine o'clock, not a little fatigued, and with our shoes worn quite thin through the sharpness of the rocks and stones. Having bathed our feet however, and breakfasted, we quickly forgot our fatigues, and thought only of the pleasing objects which we had seen. Charles advised me to commit the whole to paper, and agreeably to his advice I wrote the above.

Besides what is to be seen from the summit of the Table, the hill itself presents at all times a grand object. It is pleasing in a summer morning, to see the rays of the rising sun striking first its highest crags, and gradually spreading and illuminating the whole mountain. Then are likewise seen the vapours collecting on its edge, and hanging down in long cottony festoons, or shooting away into the pure atmosphere. At other

times dark clouds roll over its summit, portending wind and storm. In the winter season, the shelving parts of the Mountain are often white with hail and snow, whilst on its top all is dark and wet. If however the wind changes to the south-east, and the clouds are driven back from off the land, they collect on the top of the Table and Devil Hills, before they are blown away to sea. A noise is heard among the mountains, and the wind comes down in furious gusts; but there is no rain; and if perchance in the evening the moon arises and shines through the clouds, the dark hills appear as if covered with crowns of silver.

Finally, after a long tract of dry weather, the runaways often set fire accidentally, or with design, to the brush and underwood which grows along the face of the hill. In the darkness and stillness of the night, it is pleasing to observe long and waving lines of fire, which burn silently, enlightening the whole mountain, but adding tenfold to the darkness which reigns around; especially at that hour when all is hushed, and no eye is awake to observe, except what is prevented from sleep by contemplation or sorrow.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOTTENTOT.

Cur non sancitis ne eodem itinere eat? LIVY.

THE scenes which we had witnessed at the sale of slaves, and the conversation occasioned by them, had not failed to make a deep impression on my friend's mind; and he accosted me rather abruptly on the morning of the ensuing sabbath. "You have shewn me," said he, "the patient and obedient natives of Malabar and Mozambique, and the proud and jealous Malay—but of the Hottentot you have given only an imperfect outline. I wish to hear his character from you. Vaillant it is true represents him as a human monkey, and every colonist to whom I have hitherto spoken of these savages has only repeated their name with expressions of derision and contempt—but why should *you* leave his portrait so unfinished, whilst the intruders upon his native land have been drawn at full length: he is yet the lawful owner of

this ancient soil—these venerable mountains and wide spread plains are his, and all the motley crew that now inhabits here with us Europeans at their head, are but usurpers of his undoubted rights.” “ For a good reason my friend,” returned I, “ these intruders, as you term them, have been drawn in a group: *he* shall stand alone; we will dedicate the evening of this sacred day to an examination of his character, and perhaps we shall not find him so despicable as false philosophy and base colonial prejudices may have led us to expect.”

Towards the evening my friend called on me a second time. We went out together, and, traversing the whole breadth of the town from the water fountains up to the highest side of Hottentot Square, we soon came to the quarries at the bottom of the Lion's Rump, whence all the stone has been obtained, and still continues to be taken for building the town. In the principal quarry was a great crowd of slaves, which on approaching nearer we found to consist principally of Malays. Loud shoutings, a mighty bustle, and the crowd fluctuating to and fro, like an immense wave of the sea, indicated

that some spectacle highly interesting to them was exhibiting. All the upper side and the borders of the quarry were likewise full of slave spectators, who testified by their eager gestures, and the clapping of their hands, how deeply they were interested in what was going forward. We were not long ignorant of the cause, for having climbed a little way up the hill we looked down, and beheld in the middle of the quarry two game cocks fiercely engaged, whilst the whole assembly seemed to hang upon their every motion. We did not await the issue of the contest, but continuing to ascend straight upwards, we presently came to a winding path which we followed, and in a quarter of an hour found ourselves on the top of that part of the Lion's Hill called the Rump, and whence on the approach of vessels signals are made to the town below. We walked backwards and forwards several times, along the ridge of this hill from the signal post to the foot of the precipice, which forms the Lion's Head, till having sufficiently gratified our eyes with the prospect of the town, and the Table Mountain on one side, and the boundless ocean on the other, my friend interrupted

a long silence by putting me in mind of my promise respecting the Hottentot, whose portrait I had left unfinished, and which he eagerly desired to see filled up. "We could not have a better opportunity," said he; "the sun is already set, and the watchman at the signal post has descended, and left us entirely alone upon the ridge of this hill: presently the heavens will glow with unnumbered stars, and the moon will throw her silver light over yon ancient mountain, that dark precipice to which we are now approaching, and the immense ocean which faintly roars below. To me, my friend, your voice is only wanting to add new interest to this solemn scene, and fix it for ever in my remembrance. The sighing of these winds may again greet my ear, but it will be far hence on the bosom of the deep. I may again hear the noise of distant waves breaking on the rocks, but *you* will not be there: and you, my friend, may traverse this pathless ridge alone—may at no very distant period again survey this precipice, those stars, and that boundless ocean, whilst I perhaps lie stretched, unburied, and unwept, on some distant and unknown shore."

"I see clearly, my friend," replied I,

* that the interest which your heart takes in the cause of the Hottentot has awakened it to other sympathies : but dismiss, I pray you, such melancholy presages, and yield the same attention which you paid to me some days ago when describing the varieties of the slaves of the Cape. You remember no doubt the circumstances under which we then beheld the Hottentot—his covering of sheepskin, his sandals, and his bare head exposed to all the heat of the sun. These very circumstances mark the first trait in his character which is a mildness almost approaching to apathy. He is not easily provoked, and if provoked he is soon appeased : yet he is no coward—threatening or ill usage does not terrify him so much as it renders him melancholy, and he seems more fearful of giving offence from his natural mildness than from a dread of punishment. When spoken to he generally answers in a submissive tone of voice, and if called by his proper name as a sign of reproach, he seems to acquiesce in the justice of it as such, and owns with some shame that he is only a Hottentot. He does not boast of his nation—so far from it that he is eager to connect himself with the slaves

which are imported into his native country, and considers himself as advanced in the scale of man by alliances which a greater energy of character should have taught him to despise.

“ It is evident that such a disposition must include a large share of indolence—and indeed in cases of insults offered to him, it is often difficult to ascertain whether his forbearance of vengeance arise from the laziness or the goodness of his disposition. He is violent for a moment, and threatens desperate revenge, but the words are scarcely from his lips before he is calm, and he concludes by muttering to himself a long string of incoherent threats, without the smallest intention of ever putting one of them into execution. He detests constraint, and yet he submits to it almost without a struggle. It may be said that a slender cord becomes to him fetters of iron, not because he wants the strength necessary to burst it asunder, but the energy to make the attempt.

“ Yet to all this indolence he unites at times an activity far beyond that of any of the tribes of slaves at the Cape. Not one of them can endure like him the fatigues of

the chase, or will submit with so little reluctance to all its privations. Throughout the country he is the only huntsman employed by the colonists, or trusted by them with arms, and it is in the natural and primary occupation of man that he displays all his good qualities. Inexhaustible patience; unwearied activity; a mind fertile in expedients, and a surprizing agility render him thus truly useful. Sometimes with his master, sometimes alone, he climbs the steep passes of almost inaccessible mountains, or traverses the sandy plains of the Carroo in search of spots where game may be found. His power of abstinence is shewn by the small quantity of food with which he is provided on these occasions, and he will wander all day beneath a burning sun and over hot sands without a drop of water to quench his thirst. His keen eye, and unerring aim seldom deceive him; yet sometimes after having been thus exposed, he returns in the evening with a sorrowful heart from want of success, whilst perhaps his bloated master standing at the door of his hut, and seeing him approach without provision, demands, in an imperious tone, "what the lazy Hot-

tentot has been doing the whole day." He thinks himself fortunate should he escape without further punishment.

"If his occasional activity renders him thus adapted to the chase, his habitual indolence, the groundwork of his character, renders him equally proper for the daily avocations of a pastoral life, and the active and indefatigable huntsman of yesterday becomes the indolent and sleepy herdsman of to-day. Yesterday every sense was awake, he was all eye to observe, all ear to listen, all life in the pursuit—to-day stretched out beneath a thorny bush of which he always takes care to chuse the sunny side, he scarcely at intervals lifts up his languid eyes to glance them over the wide and arid plains where his cattle range. Sometimes raising himself from the ground, he stands leaning on his long staff as if absorbed in profound meditation, when, in fact, he is nearly asleep—yet in those occasional glances he sweeps the whole extent of the horizon, and marks with the utmost precision in what direction the most distant of his oxen are straying. In the evening he makes an exertion, collects them together, and brings them back to their inclosures.

“ When he has an object to accomplish, and after a vast exertion of thought has formed his scheme, such as it may be, he has no idea of varying it according to the change of circumstances that may arise, but persists blindly in it until its impracticability is grossly obvious even to himself. If he attempts to change it he only makes worse blunders, and becomes soon so confused that no longer knowing how to proceed he reverts to his first principle, and tries the same scheme over and over again. A Hottentot after suffering for a long time the most severe and cruel usage from an unjust master, determined to kill him. His scheme was to desert, and join a party of roving Hottentots then in that part of the country, and with them to return and accomplish his purpose. Ten times in a day he might have found opportunities to slay his tyrant and escape; in hunting when generally alone with him, and behind he needed only to have put the gun to his shoulder, and stretched him dead at his feet; but this was not his scheme, and he accordingly left the boer by night, and joined a party of marauding Hottentots.”

And did he return and murder his former

master? interrupted Charles. "I know not my friend," replied I, "but if not instigated by his new companions, I should rather think that in conformity to the general tenor of his character, he would rest contented with having acquired his liberty, and take no further measures to gratify his revenge.

"Such then is a faint outline of the character of the Hottentot which presents upon the whole many contradictions. He is simple, credulous, and easily imposed upon, yet withal, at times shrewd and cunning. It is easy to lead him, but sometimes without your being aware of it, he leads you: he is indolent, yet capable of violent exertions; mild, and timid, yet displaying at times great resolution. Observe, however, that I speak only of the Hottentot as he appears within the precincts of the colony and in the service of the planters. I know nothing of him in his natural state, and perhaps he presents a very different character where he is accustomed to call the mountains and plains his own, or to dispute their sovereignty with the fiercest animals of the desert."

"But you have told me nothing of his heart all this time," said Charles. "Is he

faithful, affectionate, endearing? You said when we last spake of him, that you had seen many instances of cold ingratitude in those of his nation, and that after having been kindly treated by a family for years, a Hottentot will leave them with great indifference. Are you still of the same opinion, or are you now more disposed to do justice to his good qualities? perhaps what that family called kindness, the stupid Hottentot deemed cruelty; perhaps the ungrateful wretch did not consider the prime of his life sacrificed to the service of his master as sufficiently repaid with food and blows. But waving all inquiries of this kind, if the Hottentot be not grateful by nature is he likely to learn that virtue here? I beseech you most earnestly to lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me if the gratitude of a Dutchman were placed in one scale, and that of a Hottentot in the other, which upon your conscience do you suppose would kick the beam?" I could not help smiling at my friend's earnestness, at the same time that I felt the full force of his remark. I began to recall to mind a thousand instances which I had heard related of unshaken fidelity and undaunted courage

on the part of Hottentots. I reflected that at that very moment a small battalion of them, commanded by an English officer, was encamped near the Cape, and which performed its evolutions with the utmost exactness; at the same time I recalled to mind that a Frenchman had compared them to monkies at a fair, jostling each other and playing a thousand antics on the word of command being given, and my anger kindled at this odious and unjust comparison. After musing a little: "Your observations," said I, "are not without foundation, for now I remember that the English, who have employed Hottentot servants, give a very different character of them from that of their Dutch masters. They speak of them as faithful and affectionate in a high degree, and I leave it to you to determine by which decision you will abide."

"Thank heaven, then," said Charles, with great emotion, "my decision is already made. I have been anxious to see some justice done to the character of this race, so long and so much misrepresented; and although your account of them does not, I must confess to you, equal my expectations, it yet accords so

exactly with my own few observations, that I am inclined to think it correct, as far as it goes. It is now perfectly clear to me why they have been so grossly calumniated. The Hottentot, as presented by the French philosophers, was necessary to their systems as the lowest link in the chain, which according to them connects man with the brutes that perish. As degraded by them, he could claim little title even to the "human face divine;" but amongst the other real triumphs of my country, I trust this will be one, to be the first to rescue the character of this unfortunate race from such unfounded calumnies, and in time to assign them that rank in the scale of man which they ought justly to hold."

Such was the conclusion of our conversation on the Hottentots. We had walked up and down for several hours, during which the moon had been obscured by mists; but scarcely had Charles concluded, when a sudden flood of silver light burst on the upper part of the Table Mountain, and irradiated far and wide its lofty crags. The Lion Head, at the foot of which we then stood, was still obscured, and only a few scattered rays were thrown on the bosom of the dark and ever-

heaving deep, whose waves scarcely interrupted the solemn silence which reigned around. Charles and I stood for some time wrapped in contemplation, and, after a long pause, left with reluctance this impressive scene which we were doomed never to see in company with each other more.

CHAPTER VII.

REED VALLEY.

*Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisque periclis
Degitur hoc ævi, quodcumque est—*

LUCRET.

THE curiosity of Charles had been excited by hearing mention made of Reed Valley, and he desired that our next walk should be there. We accordingly left Cape Town about mid-day, following the high road for upwards of two miles, when we turned off to the left and gradually descended upon the sandy flats of the Salt River.—As we approached the River we beheld a horrid spectacle. Upon the sand were erected a number of stakes and gibbets, upon which were the remains of upwards of a dozen malefactors who had been executed at the Cape at different periods. Some were suspended by the feet, decapitated; others were laid across the narrow wheel on which they had been racked, bent double and hanging down on each side, whilst many seemed to preserve, by the attitude in which they were

placed, the last writhings of pain and approaching death. We were shocked at this sight, and hastening to get away from it, were carried across the river, one after another, by a slave who was about to wade through. We soon found our walk very tiresome, being presently engaged among little sand hills which reflected the heat of the sun in a violent degree, whilst the sand giving way at every step fatigued us greatly. The only green that we saw to refresh the eye was near two or three windmills, which grind almost all the wheat used in Cape Town: Everywhere else around nothing was to be seen but a barren waste, with ranges of sand hills, diversified here and there with a little spot of coarse sickly-coloured grass, and scanty pools of brackish water. Conversation and friendship, however, supplied the place of external objects, and diverted a walk of three hours, which we should otherwise perhaps have been induced to relinquish. To our great mortification we found nothing at Reed Valley to compensate for our fatigue. Two or three huts, rather than houses, where were stationed a few Dragoons, were the only habitations that we saw: The Reed Valley itself was nothing but a flat marshy piece of ground overgrown with

rushes, and the water, of which we asked for a little, was so brackish that neither of us could drink it with any satisfaction, notwithstanding our thirst. In short, we began to repent heartily of our walk, when the officer on duty there arrived, and with much hospitality pressed us to stop. His invitation came too seasonably to be refused, and our dinner and some good Cape wine restored our spirits. At six we took leave of our entertainer, and bent our way back to the Cape. Being tired of the sand hills, however, we soon turned off to the right, and in a little time found ourselves on the hard sandy beach of Table Bay, which we determined to follow all the way into town. It was now twilight, and as that died away we began to see our shadows on the sand, and, looking up, beheld the moon, which was just past her first quarter. Never was there a more delightful evening. The heat which we had suffered in the morning made us inhale with greater pleasure a cool westerly breeze which blew in from the sea, gently ruffling the surface of the water, which scarcely broke in small waves at our feet. As the evening advanced we discerned a train of fires which had been

lighted to burn the brushwood on the opposite side of the bay. From these arose columns of white smoke, which, by their slow motion to the eastward, indicated the feebleness and direction of the wind. The coolness of the air, the murmuring of the water, the fine beach beneath our feet, the moonlight, every thing, in short, was in perfect contrast with our morning's walk, and we imperceptibly arrived at the mouth of the Salt River, whilst we thought ourselves still at some distance from it. How to cross it was the difficulty, and we were just about to turn off to the left when we perceived a party of slaves at a small distance very busily employed in collecting shells to burn for lime. Having hailed them, we were carried across and continued our walk along the sand till we came in a line with Craig's Tower, a small fort near the shore and within three miles of the town. Here Charles made a sudden halt, having perceived on our right a large part of a wreck half covered by the sea. Struck with this appearance, he asked me if I knew to what vessel it had belonged. "Alas my friend," replied I, "is our walk of this day then to be-

gin and end with sights and tales of horror? You ask me to relate one of the most melancholy events that ever took place in this bay.

"That is a remaining portion of a British sixty-four, the Sceptre, which was driven ashore here in a gale of wind and went to pieces; the greater part of the crew perished with her, and many of their bodies are at this moment buried beneath the wreck. I was present almost from the moment of her striking, and, if you are inclined, can give you some details of the catastrophe which ensued." "Since I have been so inquisitive," said Charles, "let me know the whole. I shall listen if not with pleasure, at least with attention." "Know then, my friend," replied I, "that it was on the 5th November last that this melancholy event took place. Early in the morning of that day the wind began to blow fresh from the north-west, a circumstance almost unheard of before at such a time of the year, accompanied with a heavy sea rolling into the bay. No danger, however, was apprehended till after mid-day, when the wind and swell of the sea continuing to increase, a large American vessel from Bombay parted her cables and drove ashore not far from the castle. This was soon followed by an American brig which went ashore with two

or three sails set, by which means, being driven far up on a good sand, the hull was saved from being much beaten about by the waves.

“ At six o'clock I went down to the sea side, about which time the Sceptre and a Danish sixty-four, bound to the eastward, began to lower their flags and fire guns as signals of distress, and soon afterwards the Sceptre appeared to drive from her anchors, as yet but slowly. At seven, the spectators who had assembled on the beach began to disperse, as it was raining hard, until being left alone, I ran along the shore, the vessel still continuing to fire at intervals, and from the deeper sound of each succeeding gun through the repercussion of the hills, it was evident that she was drawing nearer and nearer to the bottom of the bay. About eight I arrived alone upon the spot. It was now dark, for although the moon was up it was very cloudy, yet not so much so but that I could plainly perceive a large vessel aground with all her masts gone, at no great distance from the shore. I was about to return to Cape Town to communicate this intelligence, when I saw a number of people coming towards the spot attended by slaves with lanterns. These proved to be the officers of the Sceptre, who happened

to be on shore together with some other naval officers, and with them I returned to the place. There was at first some dispute whether it was the Sceptre or not, till at length we discerned the broad pennant flying at the stump of the mizen, which put an end to all doubt. Perhaps however, Charles, I am relating circumstances, which, however important they appeared to me at the time, may be uninteresting to you?" "By no means," returned my friend, "pray continue."

"As the officers seemed much concerned for the fate of their comrades on board, I endeavoured to cheer them, by representing how near the ship was to the shore, and the great probability of her keeping together till day light, at which some seemed comforted, but the greater part, more experienced, only answered, "she is an old ship, she is an old ship." We set to work however, collecting all the loose planks that were floated ashore, and clubbing our handkerchiefs for tinder, we soon made a large fire, and gave three cheers as loud as we could to encourage those on board. At ten o'clock, however, it came on to rain so hard that the vessel could no longer be seen; a dismal cry was, however,

plainly heard, and before eleven, such a number of planks began to be thrown upon the beach, together with chairs, tables, and other articles, that it became but too evident that she had fallen entirely to pieces.

“The distress of the officers, and of every man present at this afflicting sight, may be conceived, but cannot be described. Presently some of the crew came on shore half dead, and who would for the most part have been washed back again had they not been assisted, by those on the beach. They gave information that the stern of the vessel had first broken off, when the captain advised every man to stand ready to jump into the sea in case she broke further. In less than a quarter of an hour a great wave struck her amidships, when she fell, as it were, directly to pieces. It was at this time that the dismal cry was uttered which we heard from the shore. The scene of horror that ensued was covered with the veil of night.

“About four o'clock the rain ceased and the wind fell; but when day broke, a scene was presented certainly the most afflicting that ever my eyes beheld—the shore for three hundred yards thickly covered with planks,

yards, and all the ruins of an English man of war, intermixed with the bodies of more than two hundred brave fellows, who died, not fighting for their country, nor even the sailor's watery death, but absolutely murdered and dashed to pieces amidst the vast quantity of wood which was floating about; upwards of one hundred more perished with them, the bodies of the greater part of which were buried beneath the guns and the portions of the wreck. Among the bodies washed on shore were those of several women; one of them with her infant clasped to her breast was thrown up close to that little rock covered with weed which we have just passed. Even at this moment I can scarcely refrain from tears at the recollection of this afflicting instance of maternal tenderness, whom even death could not constrain to let go her hold."

Charles at this burst into tears, and begged me to go no further. "I have done," said I. "A subscription was set on foot for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the dead, as near to the spot as circumstances would permit, and although carried to some extent was afterwards laid aside, for what reason I know not."

By this time we had passed the hull of the Danish man of war which had been driven ashore nearer to the lines, and which, by withstanding the fury of the waves, had saved the lives of the crew. Presently we beheld the remains of the large American vessel, and in a short time, turning to the left, we entered the castle, and through it came upon the parade, which we crossed to the town. Charles had not listened to my recital unmoved; and the remembrance of so melancholy an event having damped my spirit, we parted for the night under rather sorrowful impressions.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROAD TO SIMON'S TOWN.

*Stat sua cuique dies : breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est Vitæ.*

VIRGIL.

OUR last excursion was to Simon's Town. Intending to prolong our walk by visiting several of the principal estates on our road, we set off by break of day. A mile from Cape Town we passed the lines, a range of redoubts and blockhouses, upon a ridge of rising ground, connected by a ditch and rampart, and extending from the edge of the Bay to the highest accessible part of the Devil's Hill. Having passed the lines, the road winds rather to the right, and in about half an hour brought us through an avenue of trees to Rondybosch, the seat of the Lieutenant Governor of the Cape. A little beyond Rondybosch we ascended a small rising ground towards the right, and continuing to approach still nearer to the hills, arrived at the Brewery, the estate of D. Van Reenen, as well known and as famous, at the Cape as that of Con-

stantia: and here we stopped to take some refreshment.

The house of Mr. Van Reenen, though not yet completed, is by far the most elegant of any building, public or private, in the whole colony. It was planned by Mr. Thibault, a French engineer, who built the Amsterdam battery. Behind the house a copious spring of pure water gushes out at the foot of the Devil's Hill, and which together with the springs of Nieuweland form the beginning of the salt river; adjoining is a wood of silver trees, so called from the glazed silvery appearance of the leaves. The bark resembles that of the beech, with numerous horizontal fissures, and the wood is of little value except for firing. In a landscape mingled with other trees of a dark green foliage they produce a singular and beautiful effect. Behind the brewery is a path by which persons acquainted with these hills can reach the summit of Table Mountain; it is even said to be easier of access on this side than by the passage in the face of the mountain towards the town.

At eight o'clock we left the brewery, preceded by a slave who shewed us a nearer

road than that with which we were acquainted, and brought us to the back of the camp at Wynberg, a small hill which forms a healthy situation for troops, and a good military post between the two bays. Here we dismissed our guide, and after passing the camp reached an eminence whence we had a view of the False Bay, the pass of Muysenberg, and the opposite hills of Hottentot Holland. These views, joined to what we had before observed suggested the following ideas:

First. The flatness and sandy nature of the ground which separates the two bays seemed clearly to indicate that they had been formerly united, in which case the present peninsula of the Cape must have formed an island separated from the main continent of Africa by a strait of from ten to fifteen miles in breadth.

Secondly. The strait must have been shallow; for had the water been deep and the current consequently strong, the middle part of the channel could not have been filled up as it now appears, by the deposits of the ocean and the soil washed down from the hills.

Thirdly. The steepness of the ranges of

great mountains appeared to have arisen from some sudden sinking or washing away of the intermediate soil, and not by the gradual retreat of the sea. For if it be owing to this latter cause, why has it stopped at a certain point and left any soil between the two bays? And why, where the mountains bordering upon the sea are lofty, is the depth of water close in upon the shore likewise in proportion? Let us study those mountains whose steep bases are still covered with water, and say what gradual corrosion, what lapse of ages hath worn away such huge masses of stone to a depth where the plummet of man, in many instances, hath never yet reached?

Fourthly. At the bases of many of those great or primary ranges of mountains we noticed smaller hills running in nearly a similar direction, but totally different in shape, being of no great height, rounded off into regular forms, and covered with vegetation; whereas the first were steep, lofty, craggy from half way up to their summits, and irregular in their appearance.

And lastly, We observed that the direction of the hills of the two bays, and in general of all the great ranges of mountains in this

part of Africa was from north-north-west, to south-south-east.

Musing and conversing upon these subjects, we arrived at Constantia; after ascending and descending several rising grounds, and crossing a small brook which winds round the foot of the Wynberg and falls into the salt river. The estate called Constantia lies at the foot of the Pletteberg, or Flat Mountain, one of the Cape hills, which are here steep but not very lofty; a long avenue of tall trees leads up to the house, and from the terrace there is a fine view of False Bay. The soil, which produces the famous Constantia grape, is of a light sandy nature, or rather a mixture of clay and sand. The vines are planted in rows like currant bushes in England, being always kept close pruned, and not suffered to grow higher than three or four feet, which indeed is the only mode of treating the vine in all parts of the colony. The wine itself is of two kinds, red and white; and though the flavour be somewhat similar, there is said to be a great difference in their properties; the red declining in colour and flavour with age, whilst the white continues to improve. It is fit only to

be used as a sweet and high flavoured cordial, and, although so much talked of, is inferior in many respects to several wines which Europe produces.

We dined with the proprietor, Mr. Henry Cloete, and were afterwards shewn a large building behind the house where great leagers filled with Constantia wine were piled up in long rows. I could not help thinking it would form a most excellent temple; and Charles, surveying the gigantic proportions of our host, whispered in my ear, that if put astride one of his own leagers he would prove a capital Bacchus Africanus.

A stone's throw from Upper Constantia, is another estate, called Little, or Lower Constantia; they constituted formerly one proprietary, though now divided, the wine produced upon Lower Constantia being thought inferior to the other in quality.

At three o'clock we bade adieu to our kind entertainer, and after passing several estates on our right hand, along a sandy road, we arrived upon the border of a small lake which seemed to extend quite to the foot of the hills, and was likely to arrest our progress; we were soon however relieved by the ap-

proach of a light Cape waggon, which we ascended, and were carried across the lake, which we found to be of no great depth, being chiefly formed by the rains from the hills, and the salt water filtrating through the sands from False Bay. Immediately after passing the lake, we arrived at the narrow pass of Muysenberg, at the bottom of the Bay. The sea advances here so close to the foot of the hills, that only a narrow sandy road is left between them, and which a handful of men, having possession of the high grounds, might defend against a multitude. The remainder of the road continues the same, a mixture of sand and large stones, and close confined between the mountains and the sea. After passing the toll-bar of Muysenberg, we had a view of Simon's Bay, and thought ourselves almost there; but were much disappointed on proceeding a little farther, to find the sea running inland and forming a bay called the Fish-hook, which we were obliged to coast, as also to wade through a small stream which here falls into the bay. The Cape peninsula appears here to be cut through as it were, the hills being very low, and more like mounds of sand than solid rocks. The whole of this

range indeed may be divided into three great portions. Of these the Table Mountain with its appendages will form the first; the Muisenberg the second; and the third will comprize the whole peninsula south of the Fish-hook bay. Of this great, and indeed striking division, Vaillant has taken notice, and which may be classed among the very few truly just observations which the whole of his travels in Africa contain.

In the evening we reached Simon's Town : of all the places either of us had till then seen, the least deserving of the name of a town, it not consisting of more than twenty houses scattered along the side of the Simon's Berg, and overlooking the Bay of that name. Here vessels anchor during the months when north-west winds prevail, and render the anchorage in Table Bay unsafe, Simon's Bay being sheltered on that side by the high lands. Two or three miles beyond the town the road ends, and the traveller must then ascend the hills to arrive at the most southern point of the peninsula. However, neither our time nor our fatigue allowed us to think of this excursion for that evening.

The following day, being near the full

moon, we waited till the cool of the afternoon, and then prepared to climb the Simon's Berg: the ascent was by a slanting path rugged and full of stones, which, towards the summit, seemed loosely embedded in a whitish clay. In three quarters of an hour we reached the top, having stopped twice to breathe, and survey the shipping in the Bay, now far beneath our feet.

We found the summit much more regular than that of Table Hill, which, even from this point of view, preserves the flat appearance of its summit, sloping upwards from its base, whereas towards Cape Town it is nearly perpendicular. We endeavoured to consider this singular mountain in every direction, and to impress its different appearances upon our memory. Yet all around the spot where we stood were not wanting strong vestiges of times now far removed. Huge masses of granite, worn into a thousand fanciful shapes, and appearing like the ruins of antique buildings, scattered here and there over the whole surface of the plain.

Whilst we were wandering about in all directions, forming a thousand conjectures, and finding a thousand resemblances among

these decaying rocks, the time which we had allotted for our excursion had insensibly elapsed. Our giant shadows, which began to be cast to a great distance before us over the rocks, shewed us that the moon was up, and turning our eyes to the westward, we observed her just emerging from behind a dark cloud, though quickly obscured again by one still darker. As we were now at a considerable distance from the path by which we had ascended, and were alike strangers to the summits of these hills, we retraced our footsteps as well as we were able, and after various trials reached the commencement of the declivity. Being now sure of not entirely missing our path, we looked round for the highest rock near us, and having ascended one which overhung the town, looked with a kind of serious pleasure on all around us.

For now the moon, from behind her veil of dark clouds, began to shed at a distance her trembling beams over the agitated waters of the False Bay, which, raised into great billows by the force of the wind, rolled towards the shore, and broke upon the rocks along the coast with a noise like distant thunder. The bottom of the Bay was clearly marked, by a

long winding line of dazzling white, formed by the waves breaking on the sands, as was also the opposite coast by the dark shades of the Hottentot Holland Hills; the high land of the Hang Lip and part of the entrance of the Bay being the only portion of the landscape enlightened by the moon. Every thing else was covered with a dim light, and rocks and precipices, lofty mountains and sandy plains, were seen in so faint a manner, that we almost wondered that they were distinguishable at all. Charles and I lingered long on the top of this rock. I knew it to be probably our last excursion at the Cape, and Charles, as if through a presentiment of its being our last together in this world, felt impressed with an unusual mixture of seriousness and tenderness. In vain the wind rushed at intervals along the summits of the hills, and bent, even to their roots, the tough and stunted trees which grew on the edges of the precipice. In vain the increasing darkness of the clouds and rolling of the sea announced an approaching storm. Holding my hand fast in his own, he seemed unwilling to quit a scene, the solemnity of which accorded but too well with the gloomy presages of his own

heart. Twice he essayed to speak to me—twice a few incoherent words escaped his lips, and he pressed my hand fervently without proceeding. I caught his melancholy, and, without knowing wherefore, we both shed tears. Alas! had I known that this was indeed the last of our excursions together, bitter would have been the tear which I then shed—still deeper the sigh which unwillingly escaped from my bosom and mingled with the wind. Our hearts were equally in unison as when we stood together on the top of the Table Mountain, but they were now struck to a deeper chord, and we remained like the mournful spirits of two departed friends, to whom, whilst together, even gloom and storms are welcome.

It was some time before this temper of mind subsided sufficiently to allow us to think of departure. At length, induced by the increasing violence of the wind, and the rain which began to fall, we descended the hill, and entered our lodging just as the storm became violent. All night long the wind blew in furious gusts, and the rain fell in torrents. Towards break of day, however, the storm suddenly abated, and at sun-rise the

whole surface of False Bay was like that of an immense lake undisturbed by the slightest breeze.

Such, and so sudden, are often the changes of human life. Some days afterwards I saw my friend embark in a vessel bound to the eastward: a few months had scarcely elapsed, when, being in daily expectation of hearing from him, I received the news of his death!—Even at this distance of time I often pay the tribute of a tear to his memory, and recal with a sigh, our wanderings and conversations on the summits of the hills of Southern Africa.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNAL FROM CAPE TOWN TO BLETTEMBERG'S BAY.

IN less than a year after my Friend's departure, and whilst my mind was still occupied with him, a brother merchant of the Cape received intelligence that a coasting vessel in his employ had been driven ashore in Blettenberg's Bay, during a violent gale of wind. He imagined that his presence would be useful there, in stimulating the crew to make greater exertions to get her afloat; and having determined upon the journey, requested me to accompany him. Having long wished to see the interior of the Colony, I willingly agreed, being induced moreover by the hopes of chasing away the melancholy ideas which began to take possession of my mind. An intimate acquaintance of mine joined the party, which was quickly made up. Each provided himself with a horse. Besides several changes of linen, we carried with us two guns, with powder, shot, and a few balls.

Thus properly equipped, we left Cape Town on Saturday, the eighth of August, 1801, about eleven o'clock.

We had not ridden far, when one of my comrades began to complain of the weight of his gun, and having met a slave going to the town, he gave it to his charge, by which means mine was now the only gun in company. Four miles from the Cape we crossed the Salt River, which was at this time of no great depth. This stream is very trifling—rises at the back of the Devil's Hill, and falls into the bottom of Table Bay. As the shore is here flat, the tide flows up and renders the water salt; whence its name. Between the range of the Cape Hills, of which Table Mountain is the principal, and those of Hottentot Holland, lies a flat sandy plain, except about the centre, and towards False Bay, where the force of the winds has raised sand-hills. This plain we crossed in an oblique direction in about five hours, and a little after sun-set reached the house of William Morkle, in Hottentot Holland, after passing the Eerste or first river, which was up to the flaps of our saddles. At Morkle's, we heard that the Palmites river, on the other side of Hottentot

Holland's Kloof was full, and that we should be obliged to swim our horses across. We supped upon a fine large Steinbrass fish, and went soon to rest.

Sunday 9.—At seven o'clock leave Morke's, and after crossing two small streams, in less than an hour's time reach the foot of the Kloof. This is the only pass across this chain of hills, without going much farther to the northward, and we had heard much of it; indeed to see and pass this Kloof was no inconsiderable object of our curiosity.

The road which goes slanting up the side of the mountain to the Kloof (or cleft) is distinguishable at a long distance by the red clay colour of the lower part of it. In ascending, the view is closely confined on the left by steep hills; but to the right we looked down upon the fertile district of Hottentot Holland, the False Bay, the flat ground between the two Bays, and, beyond all, the high hills of the Cape, running in a direction exactly corresponding to that of the chain which we were ascending, bounded the view. Meanwhile the steepness and roughness of the path obliged us to alight from our horses, which we led up the hill. It seemed as if a flight of

rude steps had been cut in the rock, and the intervals filled up, and rendered somewhat smooth with sand. Over this, in the summer season, it is possible, though not easy, for waggons to pass; but immediately after the rainy season it is, that this sand being partly washed away, the loaded waggons in their descent, bound from stone to stone with great shocks, sufficient to shatter, or at least to loosen even those of the strongest construction; several have also been lost in consequence of their overturning and dragging the oxen down the precipice. As we approached the summit, though our breath failed us, our eagerness to be there redoubled. It appeared to us as the door to a new African world. From the top of the Kloof we were to see lions and tigers, and flocks of ostriches, and troops of baboons sufficient to furnish us with conversation for many a long winter evening in our own country.

At length we reached the summit, where the rocks, whose strata are here inclined about forty-five degrees to the horizon, close in, and leave only a narrow pass, where two waggons cannot go abreast. A small projecting angle still confined our view; we hastened to

turn it, and then beheld—yes—then it was that we beheld new wastes of sand, barren rocks which we had never seen before; in short, a wild open country, without a house, a tree, or a living being in sight to enliven the dreary scene.

After descending the hill, we found the road composed of a deep white sand, over which we could travel but slowly, and which continued till we reached the banks of the Palmites river, about eleven o'clock.

We found the information true which we had received at Morkle's concerning this river, it being unfordable. There was, however, a flat bottomed boat, with two upright beams, through which a rope was reeved, which passed across the river, and was made fast on each side. We put our saddles into the boat, and taking our seats, were pulled across by means of the rope, each one holding his horse by the reins. This being our first swimming adventure, we were greatly pleased when we found ourselves safe on the other side; we had, however, no time to stop, as it began to rain smartly, we therefore proceeded about two miles to a small farm house, where we stopped to eat, and refresh our

horses: for the latter we could obtain nothing but a little straw; we ourselves were more fortunate, the dogs having the day before caught a young riebuck, on which, though miserably dressed in grease, we made a most delicious meal. Whilst our horses were resting, we threw away several charges of powder and shot in firing at a mark, which might have been reserved for better purposes.

The road, as has been observed, between Hottentot Holland's Kloof and the Palmites river is sandy; directly on crossing this river, however, the soil changes to a fine gravel, forming excellent roads, which run chiefly along the sides or over the tops of small hills, as far as the bottom of the great Hou Hook Mountain, over which our road lay. On the top of this mountain is a number of large stones or rocks of various fantastic shapes, to which names have been given according to their supposed resemblance to different objects. In descending, the road becomes a deep sand, and continues so as far as the Bott River, a small stream which runs at the bottom, and discharges itself into False Bay. Having crossed this river, which we found full of holes and clumps of palmites or palm reeds, we

found once more a gravelly road, and which continued so the remainder of the day. Towards evening we saw a herd of deer, which continued gazing at us for some time, and then scampered away with great swiftness. It was after sun-set before we reached I. Rade-meyer's, at the warm baths; and with great difficulty, with the assistance of some dragoons quartered here, procured a good feed for our horses; for ourselves we always obtained sufficient refreshment, and at night something in the shape of a bed to sleep on.

The baths are about a mile from Rade-meyer's; the path passes over a large lava rock, the surface of which being a little mouldered, forms an earth as fine and black as pounded charcoal. This rock is immediately above the baths, which consist of several springs of water mostly warm, some of which are suffered to run to waste; others are collected into old wells and pits for the slaves; and one which runs out of the side of the hill, is conducted by an open trough into a small house of one chamber, which is divided into two parts by a low partition of stone. The inner division contains the bath, which is about five feet square and three and a half in

depth; a kind of bed frame, on which a buffalo's skin is stretched out and nailed, serves the patient to lay his mattress on. Having descended very gradually into the bath, which is too warm to admit of an immediate total immersion, the circulation of the blood becomes soon so accelerated as to produce, in most instances, a strong panting for breath. Having soaked himself as long as he thinks proper, the patient wraps himself up in his blanket, and stretched out upon the mattress, enjoys all the pleasure of a copious perspiration. He then cools himself gradually, a plug is pulled up, the bath is emptied in a few minutes, and in less than half an hour is again filled up sufficiently to admit a fresh visitor. The country round the baths is barren and wild; towards the sea a range of desolate mountains rear aloft their bare and stony summits, whilst those close to us were only covered with long weeds of a sickly yellow. After the rains, however, in the months of September and October, the country in many parts wears a very different aspect. Nature spreads over the ground a carpet of green, and interweaves it with a thousand flowers, whilst the rocks are covered with

creeping plants, which wave their long festoons in the passing breeze.

Monday 10.—Various accidents prevent us from leaving the baths till near ten, when the sun was already very hot. Travel slowly along the foot of the bath hills, which we leave on our left till mid-day, when, seeing a small farm to our right, stop and rest our horses about two hours during the heat of the day. In the afternoon, travelling more briskly than heretofore, reached the house of I. Riedlickhausen just before sun-set. Our first inquiries were here, as indeed they always were, respecting our horses; and, to our great joy, notwithstanding there was no stable, we found that he had still some dry barley, which is always given to the horses at the Cape in place of oats: having therefore drawn a waggon parallel to the gable end of the house, we contrived to make up something like a stable, into which we put our horses, and gave them their barley: the people themselves seemed to think we took a vast deal of unnecessary trouble; and indeed, even when travelling, the colonists take very little care of their horses, but after a hard day's ride, turn them loose to pick up what they can,

first taking the precaution however to tie their neck close down to the fore leg to prevent their wandering too far. Our host treated us with the utmost hospitality, giving us plenty of good bread, mutton, and boiled milk, without, however, wine or spirits of any sort. After supper, he showed us into a room where were two clean beds, leaving us to ourselves to divide them as we thought proper.

At Riedlickhousen's the country begins to assume a different appearance. High mountains on our left, at the foot of which runs the river Sonder End, or Endless River. On our right, small hills covered with coarse grass; between these two and before us, a remarkably flat country, with every appearance of fertility if properly cultivated.

Tuesday 11.—Rise before day-break, and having breakfasted on coffee and bread and butter, set off just at sun-rise: the air cold, with a slight mist, and a heavy dew on the grass; about nine o'clock, however, it became quite clear and very warm. Our road this morning lay chiefly along the flat with very gentle swells, the river Sonder End being constantly on our left. After riding five

hours, reach the house of Deventer, a little to the left of the road. He was absent on the other side of the river, so that we could procure no refreshment for ourselves and very little for our horses, which obliged us after halting for an hour to set off again. From Deventer's, the road changed every step, leading us first almost close upon the river, the banks of which were covered with various bushes and trees affording shelter to great quantities of pheasants and large red-winged partridges, which crossed the road frequently, and ran before us amongst the bushes with a degree of confidence which shewed them to be seldom or never molested by man. In fact in this country the Boors do not think it worth their trouble to fire at any other game than deer, with various kinds of which the colony abounds. There was at this time a large troop of zebras in this part of the country, which chiefly frequented the hills near Deventer's, but which we had not an opportunity of seeing. Five or six ostriches which were stalking along the hill on our right, on being chased set off like the wind, and were out of sight in a moment. By degrees we began to ascend, and soon had a

view of the hills above Zwellendam, through a romantic opening on our left, where the river Sonder End seems to have cut its way through the hill just before its fall into the Bree or Broad River, whence it's name, Without End; this view we had in ascending a high hill called Hasaquas Kloof, from the top of which we began to have a clear view of the bases of that range of high mountains at the foot of which Zwellendam is situated. After descending the hill, we came to a small house, where we rested our horses, and dined on cold salt mutton. Half an hour after leaving this house, we reached the Bree River, by far the largest we had yet seen, being about equal to the Lee near to its junction with the Thames. This river we crossed on a pont or flat barge capable of transporting horses, oxen, and loaded waggons, being moved backwards and forwards by a rope, in the same manner as the ferry at the Palmites River. After crossing the Bree River our road was constantly up and down hill till sun-set, when, having passed two or three small streams, we arrived at Zwellendam.

This consists of about thirty scattered houses, situated at the foot of a lofty range

of steep hills running about E.S.E. One branch seemed to stretch away towards the mountains of the Rooy Sand; the other, as we afterwards found, ran all the way to Blettenberg's Bay, being constantly on our left. Zwellendam is provided with a church, to which the farmers all round the country resort. The tops of the hills were at this time covered with snow, and the wind, which blew from the North, was cold and chilling. We lodged at the house of a German, named Strijcher, settled here.

Wednesday 12.—At half past nine leave Zwellendam; morning foggy, and at times small rain—our landlord, Strijcher, accompanying us for a short distance to put us on our road. In about an hour it cleared up, and after descending into a flat country over which we travelled for a few miles, arrived at the Buffel Jaght's River, the bed of which we found stony, intermixed with clumps of palmites, the tops of which, covered with slime and weed, indicated the height at which the river had lately been. The road continued flat for several miles, through a country seemingly very fertile though almost totally uncultivated, one or two farms at a distance

on our right being all that we saw ; about mid-day we had a shot at a buck at seventy paces, and wounded it, but the ground being full of bushes it got away. Reflecting on the inconveniencies of carrying large game, even should we shoot any, and the cruelty of wounding what we could not procure, I determined to leave my gun on the first opportunity. By this time we had got over the flat, and found ourselves drawing nearer the high chain of hills before mentioned on our left; along the foot of this great chain lay a range of smaller and more rounded hills; the steep sides of which were covered with aloe trees. The road seemed to wind through the flat valley between these two ranges of hills; but as I imagined that we should save ground by crossing the smaller range instead of going between them, we left the great road, and in a very short time got so entangled among hills and vallies that my two companions were apprehensive we might lose our way altogether; agreeably to their opinion, therefore, we made a short turn to the left, and, after some difficulty in descending the steep sides of the hills, arrived at the great road in the valley. Whilst on the high

grounds it had begun to rain, which it now did so violently that we were fain to shelter ourselves in a small deserted hut on the edge of a large field of corn; into this two of us crept, and with some difficulty introduced our horses, while the third, with his rider, was forced to abide "the pelting of the pitiless storm" as long as it lasted. After the rain, an hour's ride along the valley brought us to the house of J. Dreyer, where we halted for two hours. An old Swiss soldier had taken refuge here during the storm, and was not yet departed. He told us a long and melancholy tale: that he had been a serjeant in the French service, and had been taken prisoner by the Dutch, and sent to the Cape contrary to the faith of nations; and that he had lost his hope, his pride, his darling, his youngest and last surviving son, who had been killed at Stutgard, by a cannon ball, whilst fighting under the banners of the French Republic; and that the wife of his youth, and the companion of his declining years, was still in France; and that he hoped to see her once more, and lay his gray head together with hers in the same grave. He also told us a

tale of injustice—that he had been defrauded by a farmer in the colony, and that he carried in his pocket an order from the Landrost, or chief magistrate of Zwellendam to do him right. The grey hairs and wrinkled brow of this unfortunate veteran, and still more, a tear which unguardedly stole down his cheek, vouched for the truth of what he asserted. As soon as the rain had entirely ceased, he saddled his miserable horse, and, with nothing but the order of the Landrost in his pocket, set off alone to demand justice of a haughty boor, in a lonely part of the country, surrounded by his family, his servants, and his slaves. We were not long in following him, and a ride of five or six miles brought us to the house of Jacob Stein, where we slept that night.

This house is large, and situated at the head of the valley, through which we had been riding half the day. The view down is simple, yet striking; on the right, the range of lofty primitive mountains, their tops thinly sprinkled with snow; on the left, the smaller hills rounded off, and covered with aloes; between them a long flat valley, with the Buffel Jaghte River winding through

it. Stein treated us very hospitably, and gave us every information we could desire.

Thursday 13.—My friend's horse, which had with difficulty brought him so far, on account of being much galled, was this morning unable to proceed farther. We therefore hired a waggon of J. Stein, drawn by oxen, into which we put our saddles and ourselves, and set off at ten o'clock. We soon began to ascend the high grounds, on which the road ran for three hours, when we came to a flat country, through which ran a small river called the Duyven Hock. The hours more brought us to the house of B. Duprés, on the Krombecks River, when we dismissed our waggon, and determined to halt.

In the evening it began to rain, and continued to do so all night. At eight o'clock all Duprés's family assembled to supper, which consisted of salt mutton, mashed pumpkin, potatoes powdered with nutmeg, and two or three tureens of boiled milk. At nine all the family retired to bed.

Friday 14.—It had rained hard all night, and this morning, on getting up, we found that it still continued with unabated violence, which confined us within doors all the morning. At

twelve o'clock it cleared up, but, on looking out, we saw it was impossible to proceed as yet. The heat of the sun made all the hills smoke, and the water ran down their sides in great streams, rendering the rivers in the flat country for a short time impassable; we therefore amused ourselves in shooting about the house where we found plenty of plover; to say the truth, this was but cockney sport, as never having been molested they were almost like tame pigeons. As the day declined, the clouds began to collect again with slight showers; but we noticed with pleasure that the waters decreased rapidly on all sides; we accordingly bought a horse of Duprés, for which we paid 150 rix dollars, and resolved on setting off next morning.

Saturday 15.—Morning cool, and the sky without a cloud. Duprés, intending to convoy us, yoked his oxen, and we set off together in his waggon. The Krombecks River we found had nearly resumed its ancient channel, but all round its banks were marks of the height at which it had been the day before. After riding one hour, we reached a small house, where Duprés's son resided; who got into the waggon, and undertook to

carry us across the Vat River. This house lay at the foot of a high hill, on ascending which, we came to a beautiful large plain, commanding an extensive prospect in every direction. This plain we crossed in less than an hour, when we began to descend, having a full prospect of the Vat River at a little distance below us. Young Duprés carried us up towards the foot of the mountains, where the river was not yet collected into one stream, and having tried the passage upon horseback, brought us safe across all the fords, and at one o'clock we halted at the house of H. Muller.

Many congratulations passed between Duprés and Muller, as, notwithstanding they called themselves neighbours, neither of them had crossed the Vat River for eight months. Two fine girls, the daughters of our host, spread a table and set before us cold meat, eggs, bread and butter, and good wine. It was our intention after dining to have pursued our journey, but the kind entertainment of our landlord, and his invitation to sleep at his house, determined us to remain till next morning. In the course of the evening's conversation we learnt that both Muller and Du-

prés had been far into the interior of the country beyond the Caffre Land, of which they gave many an interesting account, and which fully engaged us till supper was on the table; and what a supper for three hungry travellers! Boiled salt mutton, mashed pumpkin, potatoes, and bread and milk, as usual, and besides, fowls, eggs, roasted lamb, sallad, and good wine. After supper, two beds were allotted to us, which perfectly corresponded with the other part of our entertainment.

Sunday 16.—Charming morning—breakfast on coffee and milk, according to the universal custom among the farmers. By Duprés's advice I leave my gun in charge of H. Muller, till our return. At seven o'clock set off, accompanied by a slave, to shew us across the Caffre Cuy's River: on our arriving at the usual ford, however, and preparing to cross, a man came running out from a small hut on the opposite bank, and called to us not to attempt it, as the river was as yet by far too deep and rapid. The slave then led us two miles farther up, where this, like the Vat River, by not having as yet collected all its waters into one stream, was more likely to be fordable. The ground on both sides of

the river was here flat, full of deep holes, bogs, and clumps of palmites, so that we durst not have ventured across, had there not luckily been a small house at a little distance, to which we rode up. The owner, a tall stout man, without shoes or stockings, no sooner understood our intentions, than he went in quest of his horse, which he soon caught and mounted, without any other furniture than a rope round the head, and without either saddle or bridle: thus provided, he led us through all the marshes and across the river, passing himself first, and from the opposite side directing us, while in the water, to keep to the right or left as circumstances required. The bed of the river was full of palmites, and one of my companions thinking it proper not to keep in the middle of the stream, inclined his horse towards a clump on the left; no sooner, however, had he got over this clump, than the horse fell into a hole, and immediately, being frightened, began to plunge, to the no small danger of his rider, who held on by the mane in a very disagreeable situation; had he fallen off, the rapidity of the current would quickly have swept him under the palmites; fortunately we got all safe over, and

after passing a few more bogs, arrived on good firm ground, and having rewarded our guide with a dollar, soon reached the public road. Two miles along the flat brought us to the foot of a hill over which the path led, and having travelled about two hours, we arrived at the house of Jacobus Reinsenberg, where we found the family at dinner: having turned our horses loose, we joined them, and remained here about an hour. All this day our most anxious inquiries had been respecting the Gauritz, or as it is pronounced, the Kous River, which we understood to be the largest and most dangerous in our whole route: these inquiries we again repeated at Reinsenberg's: He informed us that it was totally impossible to cross the river at the usual fords, and that as heretofore, we must keep close up to the mountains, by the house of I. Prins, where the river was always soonest fordable. At twelve o'clock we again set off in the heat of the day, and having once more ascended the high grounds, followed the ~~left~~ hand road which led towards the mountains. All this part of the country was thickly covered with aloe trees in every stage of their growth, though mostly old with large thick stems.

Having ridden for two hours without seeing either the house or the river, we began to think we had missed the path, especially as the road now led directly up to the mountains; to our great joy, however, a few miles further we began to descend, and at the same time saw a house at the foot of the hills, and almost close to the Gauritz River. Having reached it, we found it to be the house of I. Prins, to which we had been directed. Prins himself was not at home, but his wife and daughters instructed us how to cross the river, whilst a great number of Hottentot and slave children kept running before us stark naked like so many little Yahoos. We were glad to hear that Prins had gone through the river only the preceding night, and that a dragoon, from Graaff Reinet, had passed that very morning. A little slave boy ran before us to the ford; we there for the first time had a clear view of this river, issuing from between two high mountains, or rather bearing the resemblance of having cut its way through, and made two mountains of what was formerly one; for it is to be noticed that this river does not rise near to where we crossed it, but from a range of very high moun-

tains far up the country, whose summits, we were told, are, for six months in the year, covered with snow; hence the river is often impassable when there has been no rain in the country through which we were travelling. And on the other hand, the Gauritz River may sometimes be crossed while the petty streams are unfordable; such being the slope of these mountains, that the greater part of the rain which falls upon them, drains off on one side into the Vat and Caffre Cuyll's Rivers, and on the other, into a number of small streams, which do not fall into the Gauritz till near its junction with the sea. Where we were, the river, confined by a steep mountain on each side, rushes out with violence, but immediately abates its fury on leaving the hills, and divides for a short distance into several streams. The banks were covered with trees, which, with the shade of the mountain, and the rushing of the water over its bed of large stones, formed to our eyes a romantic view, not the less pleasing to us, who had been exposed all day on open plains to the heat of the sun, for being somewhat gloomy. We proceeded with great caution, the river being here divided into three large

streams, each of which was equal in breadth and rapidity to any we had hitherto crossed. Being safe over, we congratulated each other on having passed a river which had been held up to us as a kind of bugbear, and proceeded with redoubled pleasure, following the tracks of Prins's waggon wheels, which were plainly discernible. At four, we reached a small house, at the door of which Prins was standing, who invited us to stop. Here we procured some dry barley for our horses to our great satisfaction, forage being exceedingly scarce all over the country. Halted about an hour, and then set off, being informed that another hour's ride would bring us to the house of the widow Pinar, where we might sleep. Directly from Prins's we began to ascend, and having reached the high ground, saw on all sides of us chains of small hills and narrow winding valleys, but no signs of a house. As it was now near sun-set, we redoubled our speed, but it became dark before we could trace any vestige of inhabitants; and after descending a steep hill, we found ourselves in a long narrow valley, on the banks of a small river, which we were for some time afraid to cross; luckily, although the sky

was clouded, the moon began to give us a little light, whilst we were debating on the propriety, or rather the necessity of turning our horses loose, and keeping watch alternately all night; presently it became light enough for us to discern the track of waggon, which appeared recently formed down to the water's edge. I also thought I heard the lowing of cattle on our right. We therefore crossed the stream, and after riding in great suspense for some time, arrived at a house so small, that we could not believe it to be the one we were directed to, as in fact it was. As there was neither stable nor forage, we were obliged to adopt the African mode—with our horses, by tying the neck to the fore-leg: before going to bed, however, we collected a little straw by the light of the moon, which now shone very bright, and tied our horses together to a waggon, the air being cold and frosty. For ourselves, we were kindly, if not sumptuously, entertained, and slept in, or rather, on a bed, the appearance of which effectually prevented our undressing.

Monday 17.—At six leave the widow Pinar's, riding at first very gently, our horses being chilled by standing all night in the

open air. Morning cold and foggy—as the sun began to rise, the mists cleared off the hills, and we found the valley in which we were riding opening out to the south. In about half an hour we came to an open space, formed by the intersection of two long valleys: here we turned off to the left, keeping our course to the eastward. Our ride along this valley was delightful; it was almost a perfect flat to the very bottom of the hills on each hand, whose rounded summits and steep sides, together with their corresponding sinuosities, seemed to announce that we were travelling over the deserted bed of some ancient and mighty river: nor indeed could any doubt remain on our minds, when we considered the nature of the bottom of the valley, consisting entirely of smooth stones like those found in the beds of rivers, or on the sea shore. Over this bed of stones, a sprinkling of mould is spread, sufficient to support small trees and bushes, and in some parts even those of a tolerable size. After travelling about two hours, we came to where this valley was again intersected by another nearly at right angles; but this intersection, instead of producing as before an open space, seemed to have heaped

up a mound which formed four valleys of what were only two; for having passed over this hill or mound, we came into another valley called the Honey Klip, which in fact was only a continuation of that in which we had been travelling. It derives its name from a singular rock, so called, doubtless, from honey being found there by the first settlers. We soon reached it, and found it to be an enormous mass of granite, forming part of the side of the valley, perpendicular and entirely bare; it forms also an angle of the point of intersection of another valley, and to a naturalist, no doubt, would suggest many reflections. At ten we reached the house of I. Rademeyer, where we unsaddled our horses and halted upwards of an hour.

After leaving Rademeyer's, we followed the course of the Honey Klip valley for some time, when we began to ascend the high grounds, which, though chiefly consisting of extensive plains, are very far above the level of the sea. At one o'clock we reached the house of Nicholas Meyers, in a charming situation, and where we met with a most hospitable reception both from the owner and his wife, and beautiful daughters. To add to our satisfac-

tion, we obtained plenty of barley for our poor horses, who had not met with such a full treat for many a day. From Meyers's is a view of the Bodler's Klip, a mass of bare rocks on the top of a hill, so called from the steward (or Bodler) of a ship cast away upon the coast, who, with several of the sailors, took up his abode in the hollow of these rocks for several days. Its appearance seems to indicate that this mountain was formerly much higher than at present, its ancient summit being diminished by the impression of the weather and the lapse of time, and Bodler's Klip alone left as an evidence of it. At four we left N. Meyer's, descending till we came to a large sandy flat, and in a short time crossed the Little Brak River, which at this time was scarcely more than a brook. We then ascended a steep hill, and in the valley, on the opposite side, beheld the house of the widow Terblans, where we proposed to sleep, and where we arrived a little after sun-set. Here we were again fortunate in finding barley for our horses, and were as usual hospitably entertained ourselves.

Tuesday 18.—At nine o'clock set off, and in about an hour arrive at the Great Brak

River, which we crossed without difficulty, it being now low water. We had immediately to climb a high and very steep hill, keeping under our view, during the whole of our ascent, a most romantic and deep valley on our left, the sides of which, though seemingly almost perpendicular, were covered with lofty trees, with the Great Brak River gliding along the bottom. Having climbed the hills, we found ourselves upon a very large plain, bounded on the left by a range of broken mountains, and on the right by the sea, of which, to our great joy, we had now a clear view. After riding for some time we arrived at a small eminence, whence we had an extensive prospect of the seemingly boundless ocean, over whose broad bosom we saw at a great distance dark clouds collecting and descending in heavy rain. We soon found the plain, though at the first glance it appeared nearly level, to be intersected by hollows, at the bottom of one of which was a narrow stream of water, but so deep that we were obliged to unsaddle our horses and swim them over, whilst we passed by a tree which lay across. The bottom of another of these hollows was covered with palmites, standing

very thick, and had the appearance of being dangerous; a slave, however, coming that way, showed us the passage across. We met with no further interruption, and about two arrived at the house of Derrick Huivis, where we halted for the day, turning our horses loose till the evening. At sun-set a man arrived, who informed us that the brig was still aground. This being the first intelligence we had received, showed that we were approaching the object of our journey. Our landlord perfectly well remembered Dr. Sparman, and showed us a small time-piece which the latter had sold to him on returning to the Cape.

Wednesday 19.—Set off at six, and after riding for two hours along the plain, reach the house of Frederick Barns, where, with some difficulty, we procured a few eggs and some very coarse bread for breakfast. Here we also hired a guide, as we had been informed that our road this day was intricate and even dangerous; we accordingly set off, preceded by a slave for our guide. He proved to be a native of Bengal, and gave a woful account of being enticed on board ship when a boy of thirteen years of age, and conveyed

to the Cape, where he had ever since languished in slavery. He expressed vehemently in broken Dutch, his rage at being enslaved, and seemed confident of one day escaping from his chains. When we asked him how he could ever hope to get out of such a country, he raised his right hand towards the sea, and cried "there, there," to show us to what quarter he looked for deliverance. After an hour's ride, the Bengalian running briskly before us, we arrived at the Zwarte, or Black River, which lies at the bottom of a steep and woody valley, similar to that in which the Great Brak River runs. The descent and ascent we found troublesome, but the passage of the river by no means dangerous, the water being low; an hour more brought us to the second and more difficult passage of the Caiman's River, but even this had nothing dangerous in it, our guide descending the steep, and crossing the water before us. The opposite side we found wonderfully steep and rocky, and we should have taken great merit to ourselves in mounting it had we not observed the track of a waggon having descended lately. Our guide informed us that such an operation required

at least seven or eight hours, nor could we doubt it when we surveyed the ruggedness of the path, and saw the marks which the wheels had made on the solid rock in sliding down. On looking back to contemplate our progress, we saw with pleasure a large body of water (for so it may be termed in this country) breaking out as it were from the solid rock, and falling from a great height into the Caiman's River; we had heard the noise of the fall all the time of our passing, but were before unable to tell whence it proceeded. After some time we arrived at the third and last pass of Traqua de Cou, a Hottentot appellation, which nobody could or would explain to us. This we found nearly similar to the pass of Caiman's River, and here having seen us safely over, our guide returned. These three passes are nothing more than deep narrow valleys, or rather gullies which intersect the plains from the mountains down to the sea shore, and almost cut off all intercourse by waggons between the inhabitants of either side. Their steep banks covered with lofty trees, and the dark streams which glide beneath over strata of solid rock, afford many most romantic views. Soon after our guide

left us we came to the house of Daniel Free, where we obtained some refreshment both for ourselves and horses. About sun-set we arrived at the second Black River, where, having unsaddled our horses; we with great difficulty forced them into the water and made them swim over. We crossed, with our saddles and baggage, in a small canoe, hewn out of a large tree, the river, though very deep, not being above twenty yards wide. On the opposite side stood the house of John Wyers, an old Prussian soldier, who had served under Frederick the Great. He gave us a hearty reception, and over a glass of good wine, which was a real treat to us, "shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won."

Thursday 20.—We did not leave our old soldier till nine o'clock, when we set out, accompanied by his son, who was travelling our road. To our right we beheld, at a little distance, a small lake separated from the sea by a ridge of high land, except at one spot, where, in high spring tides, we were informed, the sea broke over. Leaving this lake to our right, we came to a deep but narrow river, called Rugt Vly; this we

crossed, as the evening before, in a canoe, leading our horses over by the bridle ; our road after this, was almost a continual ascent till we reached the brow of the hill, and saw beneath our feet the Doucuma River, which we had to pass ; at a small house on the banks we procured a gun, which we fired twice or thrice as a signal for the boat, and then rode about three miles to the place where it usually crossed ; to our great mortification, however, we saw it fast to a tree on the other side, with no person to attend it. After calling all together, and cracking our whips, which made a great echo through the forests, for a long time, in vain, I stripped to my trowsers and hat, and mounting the largest horse of our party forced him into the water. This, however, had nearly proved fatal to me, for, getting out of his depth, the very first plunge the horse became frightened, and struggled so much in the water that I threw myself off, and in so doing received a pretty severe blow from his knee on my breast ; had it been his foot I must have gone to the bottom ; this, with the extreme coldness of the water, under the shade of the trees, almost took away my breath ; I soon,

however, recovered, and having swam across, paddled the boat over. The difficulty of forcing our horses into the water had been constantly increasing, and this time they were almost ungovernable. The horse which I had attempted to swim across, had always heretofore been the leader, and being now frightened, he ran off into the woods, followed by the other two; nor was it till after a tedious search that we collected them again, and drove them into the river. After ascending the hills on the other side, we arrived at the house of Peter Terblans, where our guide was to pay his visit; and here we understood that the reason why our signal had not been attended to, was on account of a quarrel between the man at whose house we had fired the gun, and that where we now were. He treated us, however, hospitably enough, and having rested for some time, we rode six or eight miles farther along the high ground, till we came to the house of Hans Carvel, close upon the river Knijnsna; here we were obliged to wait upwards of three hours on account of the tide, it being high water, and the Knijnsna, so near its mouth impassable. At four o'clock the tide had fallen sufficiently to allow us to

cross, although not without the direction of our host, who stood on the bank of the river, and called out to us to turn to the right or left, as he thought fit. The danger consisted in the large holes scooped out in the bed of the river by the torrents which, after heavy rains, descend from the mountains, and almost instantaneously swell the rivers of this country. The Knijnsna, like every stream we had lately passed, runs in the bottom of a deep valley, the sides clothed with lofty trees, and appearing as if it had worn its way down by constant attrition. After riding along for two hours, chiefly through a fine wood, we arrived on the banks of a small, but beautiful lake, into which the Knijnsna falls, and which communicates with the sea by a narrow outlet or chasm in the belt of high land which forms its bank on that side. Our ride along the sandy shore of this lake was delightful—small hills rounded off and covered with noble trees, sloped down towards the water on our left; on our right, the tranquil bosom of the lake itself spreading to the foot of the surrounding hills, and covered with groupes of wild fowl of different descriptions. The setting sun threw his

golden light over the tops of the hills, and perhaps the idea that we were now near the end of our journey added new beauties to the scene. The house of J. Lindeboom, from whom we had letters of introduction to his wife and family, was clearly to be seen right before us, on a gently rising ground. We spurred on our horses, which tired as they were, seemed to scent the stable, and soon brought us to the door of J. Lindeboom. Our letters of introduction were found hardly necessary to this hospitable family. The mother did every honour to her husband's letters, and her children, all the fruits of a former marriage, vied with each other in procuring us every little refreshment that we needed. In an hour we were no longer strangers, and on retiring to rest, it seemed as if we were in the bosom of a family, with which we had been formerly intimately acquainted, and now met after a long separation.

Friday 21.—As Lindeboom's house was within fourteen miles of Blettenberg's Bay, we lost no time in repairing thither. We accordingly set off on fresh horses, our own being much exhausted by a journey of four

hundred and twenty miles, in a country where there were so few accommodations for them, either as to forage or lodging, the latter having been mostly on the rough stones with which their stables are paved, or the bare ground in the open air. In an hour we reached a large plain, gently sloping towards the sea, and having got clear of the woods, saw Blettenberg's Bay for the first time. The chain of mountains, at the foot of which we had travelled for so many days, seemed here to unite with another more extensive range, and which crossed it in an oblique direction, and stretching away out into the sea formed the south-east side of the Bay. To the northward some shelter is afforded by a ridge of high rocks which run out directly into the sea, and form the only part where vessels can ride with any safety during a gale. This security however is very small. The Bay is perfectly open to the sea, and when the wind blows fresh, a tremendous swell rolls in and breaks mountains high at a considerable distance off shore. In other points of view this Bay presents nothing but what is grand. There is not an iota of little in its whole composition. The outline is defined without being limited:

all is simple and majestic; no little minutiae to divert the attention. One range of mountains: one bold sweep of shore: one ridge of stupendous rocks. Nature has sketched the outline with two or three dashes of her sublime pencil, and placed the wide ocean as a boundary to the view.

It was not till we began to descend towards the shore that we saw the anchoring ground. The Young Nicholas, a large vessel, was there riding at anchor, taking in a cargo of timber for the Cape; and descending a little lower, we soon came in sight of my poor friend's brig, high and dry on the sand.

We understood from the Captain, that as the brig had been driven ashore during a high spring tide, it would be necessary to wait till next full moon, before there would be any chance of getting her off. This was no very pleasant news, as the moon was past the full, and we could not remain so long away from the Cape, as to await the issue of the attempt. We slept at the house of the Post-master, situated on a rising ground close to a small river which falls into the Bay, or rather into which the sea enters every tide, the mouth being so

choaked up with sand, that, at low water, the river has scarcely any visible connection with the sea. During our short stay here, we lived mostly on fish, of which there is great abundance in the Bay; we had also plenty of oysters, which, at the Cape, from their extreme scarcity, are reckoned the first of delicacies. In the hall were two young leopards, which a slave had the evening before found among the rocks; they were about the size of an ordinary cat, and would eat nothing but raw flesh cut small.

Saturday 22.—Employed in riding about the Bay, and preparations to return to the Knijnsna Lake.

Sunday 23.—Return to Lindeboom's.

Monday 24.—Morning cloudy—at nine my friend and myself went out in company with Stephanus Terblans, the eldest son of our hostess, to shoot deer: we wandered for some hours over the mountains, but though we saw a few roebucks, they were too shy to let us approach near enough to shoot. Whilst in chase of the deer, we discovered a large troop of baboons, which, on our approach, marched off in very regular order by single file; they got across a deep and narrow val-

ley, by jumping from one tree to another, and whilst our dogs were yelping after them in the bottom, they were already mounting very deliberately on the opposite side. On our return we shot a brace of wild ducks and a few wood pigeons.

In the evening we talked of hunting: Terblans told us, that the neighbouring woods abounded with buffaloes, and proposed that we should go in chace of them the ensuing day. We eagerly agreed to this proposal, but our ardour was a little cooled when he began to relate the dangers to which the Buffalo hunter is exposed; he mentioned the frequent risk which he had run of his life from those enraged animals when wounded, and in confirmation of the truth of his assertions, rolled up his trowsers, and shewed his legs, all scarred with blows, received from one which he had slightly wounded. He had only saved his life by throwing himself down by an old tree which lay along, and which covered all except his legs, which being partially exposed, the animal had bruised so terribly with his crooked horns, that had it not been for the arrival of his Hottentot with the dogs, he could not have got home. We

looked at this hardy son of the forest, and at each other by turns, but, after full deliberation, adhered to our first resolution, and forthwith set to work to prepare every thing necessary for the next day.

Tuesday 25.—Set off at an early hour on horseback, being five in all, namely, Stephanus Terblans and one of his fellow hunters my friend and myself, and an old experienced Hottentot, with five or six large dogs. Our guns were all of a wide bore, except the one which I carried, and which being too small to admit of a musket ball, I loaded with three pistol bullets. The balls were a mixture of tin and lead, the latter being too soft a metal to encounter a buffalo's bones, or an elephant's hide alone. In little more than an hour we reached the forest, the gloomy appearance of which, as we entered it, convinced us that we were upon a very different business from that of shooting partridges and hares in the stubble of an English corn-field. After traversing part of the forest, we came to an open place, which Terblans knew to be often frequented by these animals. We saw nothing, however, but their traces, which were declared to be of the preceding day, and after a

short deliberation, it was agreed to penetrate still farther. The wood soon became so intricate that we were obliged to alight from our horses and lead them; being accustomed however, to this chace, they followed us like dogs, and with a sort of alacrity. We had already gained the summit of a long ascent, and were proceeding carelessly, when all at once, our Hottentot gave a whistle, and stopping short, we saw the ground all around us marked with the enormous footsteps of the elephant, and could discern their different tracks among the bushes and young trees, as plainly as that of a man through a field of corn. I must confess I was struck with a sensation very near akin to fear, especially as our leaders spoke now only in whispers, and hinted that it was possible the elephants had scented us, and permitted us to pass them in order to rush upon us and cut off our retreat; such is the sagacity they ascribed to this animal. Be that as it may, we proceeded now in silence, and with circumspection, taking great care to keep our dogs from ranging far. Thus we continued till we arrived upon the brink of one of those steep and narrow valleys so common in this country, and which, to

our great joy, was clear of wood, all except the bottom, which was covered with tall trees. We stationed ourselves a little distance from the summit, as Terblans said it would be easy to avoid the elephants should they rush upon us from above, and they would be unable to stop themselves till they reached the bottom; we accordingly alighted from our horses, and sat down for a few minutes.

Meantime the dogs had descended into the bottom, and after a short time, we saw them begin to range on the other side of the valley; presently we saw a buck springing up the ascent, though the dogs had not as yet fallen upon its track. At sight of this we forgot our rules of silence, and began to encourage the dogs, which soon got scent, and immediately opened—and now the chase began, the valleys and woods re-echoed with our shouts, and the noise of the dogs, whilst we stood and looked on as if in an amphitheatre. Although the dogs gained fast upon the buck, we were afraid the latter would get to the top of the hill, and thus we should lose sight of the chase. Just, however, as the poor animal had reached the summit, it made a spring to gain the top of a rock, and missing its aim,

fell back, and before it could recover itself perfectly, was surrounded and seized by its pursuers. We heard its piteous cries when first seized, and saw the dogs worrying it. So narrow was the valley, yet at the same time so deep, that the Hottentot, who immediately set off, to prevent, if possible, its being torn in pieces, was near an hour in going and returning, although he went with all the agility peculiar to his nation; meantime our shouts were redoubled to call off the dogs, and when the Hottentot returned with the prey, we found it no ways torn, as we had expected.

Terblans having fastened the buck on his horse behind him, led us farther and farther into the forest. Every where around us the ground was covered with the tracks and dung of elephants; and after a good deal of difficulty and fatigue, we arrived at a small open spot, near which stood a number of trees, with the lower branches broken, and the bark recently rubbed off: and now, to our great regret, we found that the noise which we had made to encourage the dogs to take a poor buck, had lost us nobler sport, by frightening away the buffaloes, and Tefblans declared it

was in vain to seek for them without penetrating much farther into the forest than we had now any wish of doing. My friend and myself, however, remained here with the horses, while the others went a little farther. During their absence, we began to talk upon the danger of our situation, left alone in the middle of a forest abounding with wild animals, of which, as we had never seen one, our imagination was left to form the most terrible ideas. Whilst we were indulging in such meditations, our ears were suddenly assailed with a most tremendous crashing among the trees, and a trampling noise, which seemed to be approaching directly upon us. My nimble friend was up into a tree in a moment; for my own part, although I gave myself up for lost, I knelt down, and resting my gun upon the stump of a tree, prepared to fire upon the first enemy that appeared. Fortunately, however, the huge animal (for we afterwards found it to have been an elephant) turned off to the left just before reaching us. The crash grew fainter and fainter, and at the same time we heard the great stones, which he loosened in his passage, roll down into the valley, with a noise that sounded in

our ears like thunder. Never was sound more grateful to my ears than that of the receding footsteps of this animal, and before our companions had returned with the dogs, I was quite recovered from my panic. Terblans being of opinion that we had completely frightened away the game from this part of the wood, we gave up the chase, and returned home by a different route. At the bottom of a valley, through which ran a stream of water, we saw a spot where the elephants had been that morning to drink; where the bank was clayey, one of these animals had twice attempted to climb up, and as often slid down, making four broad clumsy tracks from the top of the bank to the bottom; the third effort seemed to have been more successful, and we could track him far into the forest. In passing over a high ridge, we saw an elephant, but at such a distance, that we should not have noticed him had not Terblans pointed him out to us. We returned home fatigued and disappointed, as to the main object of our chase, yet pleased on the whole with having seen many objects quite new to us. Our buck was at least some recompence for the fatigue we had undergone.

Wednesday 26.—Ride to Blattenberg's Bay, and consult about the best means of getting the brig afloat.

Thursday 27.—Having settled every thing with the captain concerning the brig, we all leave the Bay for the last time, and return to Lindeboom's.

Friday 28.—Went down to the lake, and having induced Terblans to haul the Seine, which was in a most miserable condition, and full of rents, caught in a short time twelve fine large fish, mostly steinbrassen, the least of which weighed seven or eight pounds; so easily can subsistence be procured here.

Saturday 29.—At eleven o'clock, leave the friendly family of the Knijsna lake, and set our faces once more toward the Cape. After a pleasant ride along the shores of the lake, we arrived on the banks of the river Knijsna about one o'clock, and crossed it not without danger, having no person to direct us. After crossing the river, my companions being before, I chose a different route through a long valley, at the end of which I ascended the high grounds, and had no sooner reached the summit, than I beheld flames and smoke ascending rapidly toward me, the long dry

grass and underwood having been set on fire in several places at the bottom of the valley on the other side; seeing a house however, at some distance before me, I spurred on my horse, and having galloped through the smoke ~~saw~~ my two companions at a great distance on the tops of the high grounds on the right. As I was now close upon the Doucuma, and saw the place where we had crossed before right beneath me I halted at the house of Peter Terblans till my friends joined me, when after a further rest of an hour we crossed the river, and traversing our former ground arrived at the Rugt Vly about five o'clock. Here again the boat was fastened on the opposite side, and having waited a long time in vain, one of my companions, determined that I should not have all the honour of swimming rivers, stripped and threw himself in: whether however through the coldness of the water or his own unskilfulness he became exhausted before reaching the opposite side, and sunk twice. We were standing in the utmost trepidation, and I had already my coat half stripped off to plunge in, when he rose again, by a third effort grasped the bank with his hands, and having climbed up,

threw himself almost breathless upon the sand, but soon recovered and paddled the canoe across; finding it half full of water we set to work to empty it with such bad success, that we heeled it to one side and filled it even with the water's edge. We had now the uncomfortable prospect of remaining all night in the open air, which as the sun had set began already to be very chilly; soon however a slave appeared on the other side with a bucket, who expressed his astonishment with a loud hah! at finding the canoe removed: by his assistance we soon emptied it, and after the usual trouble with our horses, got all safe across; half an hour's ride brought us to the house of the old Prussian soldier, John Wyers, where we were again kindly received.

Sunday 30.—At six o'clock leave John Wyers, having this day several difficult rivers to pass. As we only measured back our former steps we needed now no guide to conduct us across the Black River, Caimán's River, and Traqua de Cow. In the evening reach again the house of Derrick Huivis.

Monday 31.—At seven leave the house of D. Huivis, and soon after cross the Palmites

Valley, before-mentioned : at ten o'clock reach the Great Brak River, and the tide being out, cross without difficulty; another hour brought us to the valley of the Riebok Fonteyne, where the heat becoming oppressive we halted and dined, and in the afternoon rode to N. Meyers, where we were again most hospitably treated and our horses well provided with barley.

Tuesday, Sept. 1.—At seven leave N. Meyers, not without regret expressed on both sides, and in about an hour enter the valley of the Honey Clip, where we halted as before at the house of I. Rademeyers; soon after leaving Rademeyers, we met a number of empty waggons returning from conveying English troops which had been at Graaff Reinet, towards the Cape. At mid-day cross the Gauritz River, lower down than we had done before, and where forming only one stream, the current was most rapid and had nearly swept away the small horse on which I rode, whilst the glittering of the water with the sun shining upon it rendered me so giddy that I had nearly fallen off. Having got safely over, we soon began to ascend a very steep hill, from the top of which we looked

down upon the Gauritz on our left. Here we saw this river after rushing over a wide bed of stones where we had crossed it, become confined between two high mountains, and assuming the rapidity of a torrent as far as the eye could reach. In the evening arrive at the house of Hans Rensenberg on the False River, a small stream so called from its being full of dangerous and deceitful holes, and subject to sudden swells. We met with poorer entertainment at Rensenberg's than at any other house during our journey, and his sons, a set of greedy inhospitable clowns, swallowed almost the whole of the boiled milk before we could get our spoons into the dish.

Wednesday 2.—At seven cross the False River, and about eleven reach the friendly roof of H. Muller, where we dined. From thence we again set off at two, I being further loaded with my gun, which I had left in charge of Muller, and which I found had been greatly neglected as it was almost spoiled with rust. My poor horse now began to stumble under me very much, and it was not without great difficulty that I forced him on about four or five miles, nothing could then

make him move being almost exhausted. My two companions meanwhile had ridden forward to P. Duprés's, whilst I was forced to alight and lead my horse, which followed with difficulty. From time to time I was obliged to mount in order to see my way over the bushes, which did not however prevent me from missing the path, and after wandering about till sun down, I found myself alone in a wild country with no house in view. Apprehensive that if I remained in the bushes, I stood some chance of being devoured by the Hyænas before morning, I determined to make the best use of the little day light that remained, and accordingly ascended the nearest rising ground, and looking all round to my great joy saw the house of P. Duprés on a small eminence to the right. On my arrival I found that two of his sons were out seeking me; we therefore discharged our guns twice or thrice as a signal for returning, and in less than an hour we were all assembled at supper.

Thursday 3.—Remain at Duprés's in order to rest our horses, and amuse ourselves with shooting plover about the house.

Friday 4.—Morning rainy; set off about

nine o'clock, and my horse being unable to proceed any further I borrowed one from Duprés till we reached the Duyvenhock's River, where my friend had been obliged to leave his on our journey to the Bay. This again carried me to the house of Jacob Stein, which we reached at two o'clock, and where as it came on to rain very hard, we halted for the remainder of the day.

Saturday 5.—Leave J. Stein's at seven, and before we got out of the valley, at the head of which his house stands, were obliged to cross the Buffel Jaght River nine times. Having reached the open country we unsaddled our horses, and rested ourselves on the grass by the side of the river; at two reach Zwellendam, where I was under the necessity of purchasing a horse for which I paid the German Strijcher one hundred and eighty six dollars.

Sunday 6.—At nine leave Zwellendam, and after a great deal of trouble with my young horse, who I soon discovered had a trick of turning round like a top, reached the Broad River about eleven o'clock, which we crossed as before in the Pont. Early in the afternoon arrive at the house of Deventer

on the River Sonder-end, where we sleep, and are poorly but hospitably entertained.

Monday 7.—Set off at seven, and made our first halt about nine at Holshousen's. The whole of this day our road was along a flat seemingly fertile, covered with bushes and close to the River Sonder-end, which lay upon our right: at mid-day reached the farm of Riedlickhousen, who expressed much joy at seeing us again, and dined with him on bread and milk. In the afternoon by way of varying our road, we drove our horses into the river, and crossing ourselves on a bridge formed of one large beam entered the Soete Melke Vley. This is a fertile tract of country inclosed between steep and lofty mountains on one side, and the River Sonder-end on the other, affording excellent pasturage for cattle and abounding in game. It is one of the estates belonging to the Company or Government, under whom it was now held by J. Thunissen, who gave us a most friendly reception, and whose kind family recalled to our remembrance the hours which we had passed on the banks of the Knijsna lake. In the evening it began to rain.

Tuesday 8.—Very heavy rain during the

whole day, which rendered it almost impracticable for us to stir out of doors.

Wednesday 9.—Incessant rain.

Thursday 10.—Fine morning, but the river so swelled by the rain as to be totally impassable. The bridge by which we had passed was completely under water, and large clumps of palmites with the earth adhering to their roots carried down like floating islands, and whirled about by the rapidity of the current, rendered the crossing in a small boat very dangerous. I therefore went up towards the mountains alone to look for deer. After a romantic ride, and scrambling across several torrents running down from the hills; I got within gun shot of a herd of deer, one of which I fired at and wounded so that he could not keep up with the rest in their flight; this I pursued for a long time in vain, the few dogs which had followed me from the house being very indifferent ones. From the top of a high ground I saw the unfortunate animal attempt several times to join his former companions who were halting in a flat below; but he was always repulsed, and at length driven entirely away from them. Tired therefore of wounding animals without getting

possession of them, I did not reload my gun, but continued to ride along the high grounds whence I saw two separate herds of deer on the opposite hills. I came at length to a valley, on the other side of which was an eminence covered with rocks and bushes and which I felt an inclination to observe more closely. Having ascended it on foot with some difficulty, I sat down to rest myself, when all at once the dogs began to bark and suddenly a deer, which I saw was wounded, burst through a thicket and sprung away. My first motion was to load my gun, but on second thoughts I was not sorry to see that the poor animal, though much exhausted, had still strength enough to elude his pursuers, who yelped after him for a long time in vain.

Friday 11.—At seven bid adieu to the friendly family of Soete Melke Vley, old Thunissen accompanying us down to the river's side with two stout slaves, who rowed us across one by one, and assisted us in swimming our horses over; in order to rest them we halted at the first house we came to. About mid-day we were stopped by a small river, which appearing much swelled by the

rain we were afraid to pass : seeing a number of waggons at a little distance, we rode up and found them all waiting for the subsiding of the river. Among the number was that of young J. Stein, who advised us by all means to go round : we accordingly turned off to the left to go round the Bath hills, by which means we avoided this stream. At three stopt at the house of Beurman to dine, and in the evening reached the Baths, where we slept.

Saturday 12.—Set off at seven. About eleven reach the Bott river, overtake the troops returning from Graaff Reinnet, under the command of Major Campbell : at mid-day pass the Great Hou Hook, and in about two hours cross the Palmites River, when we stopped at the house or rather hut of a shoemaker, who had nothing for us except smoked beef and biscuit, a little muddy water, and some vile Cape brandy. At half past three we set off, and began to climb the Hottentot Holland's Kloof. As it was raining pretty smartly, my companions pushed forward faster than my young horse could keep pace with them. I therefore crossed the Kloof alone in the midst of a heavy rain. As I

began to descend the other side it cleared up, and I saw a large vessel standing into False Bay. At 8 o'clock reach D. Morkle's, where I find my companions already arrived.

Sunday 13.—Leave Morkle's, and instead of taking the road across the sandy flat to the Cape, turn off to the right, and ride along the foot of the hills. In two hours, reach the village of Stellenbosch, pleasantly situated in the N.W. corner of a fine valley, and sheltered on every side by gently rising grounds, or steep hills. As we approach cross the Eerste, or First River, by a small bridge of one arch, being perhaps the only one in the colony, and having entered the village, find lodgings at the house of Wolfferum, a German, well known to the English who frequent Stellenbosch.

Monday 14.—This day we passed in viewing the village, and were much pleased with its appearance, the streets being broad, with rows of lofty oak and elm trees on each side, and the houses all neatly white-washed. A fine stream of excellent water runs through the principal street, and spreads an air of coolness exceedingly agreeable during the hot weather of this country.

Tuesday 15.—In the afternoon, leave Stellenbosch for the Pearl, and still keeping along the foot of the mountains on our right, in a little more than an hour, pass the Klip Mutz, or Stone Cap, a hill so called, from a covering, or cap of stone on its summit, of a similar nature to that of Bodler's Klip. At the foot of this hill, is a farm belonging to government, where is a spring of excellent water. Three hours more gentle riding brought us to the Pearl about sun-set. This district takes its name from a singular mountain, which, on the first settlement of the colony, was said to abound in precious stones, and thence called the Pearl.

Wednesday 16.—In the morning, ride over to Great or Upper Drakenstein. This village, or rather group of scattered farms, lies at the upper end of a long and romantic valley, formed by a continued chain of steep mountains, running in a north-west direction on the one side, and a broken range of hills, of which the Pearl is one, on the other. The valley opens outward toward the north, but is closely shut up at the south end, by the chain of hills rounding off, and which then stretches away into False Bay, forming the

hills of Stellenbosch, and Hottentot Holland, and ending at the Hang Lip. A small stream, the Berg River, runs through this valley, and marks the boundaries of the two districts, Pearl and Drakenstein; the Pearl, in looking to the north, lying on the left bank, and Drakenstein on the right. The produce of almost the whole of this valley consists of wine, which is in general of a good flavour, and together with a little dried fruit, forms the only article of commerce. Upon the whole, this district is well cultivated, and the white houses neatly built, and mingled with vineyards and gardens, present to the eye an agreeable and interesting view.

On our return we met a party of young men and women on horseback. The women rode astride like the men, which indeed is the universal mode in the country places, as we often met young women riding in this manner, with a female slave after them likewise astride, as we see gentlemen in England followed by their servants. As the afternoon was fine, with a gentle breeze from the west, I ascended alone the steep hill, at whose foot the Pearl lies, and in about three quarters of an hour, reached its stony and romantic

summit. Thence I had a fine view of the whole range of the Cape Hills, from Table Mountain to the hills of False Bay. As I had heard that the hill was much infested with large baboons, I carried my pistols with me, for fear of their proving mischievous; but I neither saw nor heard any. Mounted on the summit of an immense mass of bare granite, I fired one of my pistols downwards, which made a very feeble report. I staid on the top of this rock, and thought of Charles, till the moon, which began to shed her mild light over the distant sea, the hills, and plains, reminded me that it was time to think of returning. My descent was not without danger, the hill being very steep, and out of its side projecting large rocks, to the very edges of some of which I twice or thrice advanced, and over which, if I had fallen, I should never have arisen. At length I reached the bottom in safety. At the house I found my companions, who had been too much fatigued by their morning's ride to accompany me, engaged with a party of young female visitors, who danced and sung and laughed away all care. They formed a circle round a little woolly-headed Boshies boy, and

obliged him to go through all his antics—climbing like a monkey, bounding on all fours like a deer. He frequently attempted to make his escape through the circle, but was always brought back, with great shouts of laughter. Thus passed the evening away, and in something like this passes life itself away. The next day we returned to Stellenbosch, and on Friday 18th September, crossed the sands and reached Cape Town, after an absence of nearly six weeks.

Having thus related the principal incidents of our journey, I shall now endeavour to give a general idea of the face of the country, and the manners of the inhabitants; their virtues and their failings as they appeared to me. And in the first place, respecting the country over which the reader and myself have just been travelling, it is a tract of about four hundred and twenty miles in length from Cape Town to Blettenberg's Bay, varying from ten to thirty and forty in breadth, between the mountains and the sea. These mountains appear at first sight to the traveller to vary very much in height, until farther thought convince him that there is perhaps no material difference in that respect, except

near the Bay, and that the different elevations of the plains on which they stand, accounts for the apparent varieties of their heights. Thus the greater part of the hills, at the foot of which runs the river Sonderend, are steep and lofty, because they rest on plains which are comparatively at no great elevation above the sea. On the contrary those through which the Gauritz seems to have worn its way appear by no means equally lofty; yet are their summits equal in height to the former, because the extensive plains on which their bases rest are very high above the level of the sea.

In all this tract of four hundred and twenty miles, there are very few rivers of any importance, considering the height of the mountains, and not one, the Knysna excepted, that is ever likely to be of the smallest advantage to commerce. Their mouths are almost uniformly obstructed by sand banks which do not lie off so as merely to render the navigation difficult or dangerous, but absolutely, in the summer season, bar up the entrance completely, until the weight of accumulated water, or a sudden and irresistible torrent from the mountains,

sweep away the obstructions for a short time. Some of these rivers run directly from the mountains to the sea; and others wind along the bases of the hills amongst which they take their rise before they turn off. Some, as the Buffel Iaght, take their course chiefly along plains, and have banks of little elevation; others affect deep and narrow valleys, which they never quit till their junction with the sea, into which, if I may so express myself, the river and the valley empty themselves together. Nor are there wanting deep, narrow, and winding valleys, shaping their course toward the sea, in the bottoms of which no rivers run, but whose steep and regular sides, whose corresponding angles, and large beds of smooth stones, sufficiently evince that once rivers have rolled there, though now destroyed and their sources for ever dried up.

In the vicinity of the Cape, and immediately after passing the Kloof of Hottentot Holland, we have seen only a wild and desert country, whose plains, as sandy and almost as sterile as the sea shore, were diversified only by hillocks of sand, stunted bushes and grey rocks. As we approach Zwellendam

we notice that the plains become less barren, being composed apparently of a mixture of sand, and a more fertile soil washed down from the mountains. From Zwellendam we ascend; soon the mountains appear less majestic, but in return we reach by degrees and travel over noble and sloping plains, raised high above the level of the sea of which we have at length a distant view, and are surprised to find ourselves so elevated. And now the rivers assume a different character; they run in the bottom of deep valleys shaded with trees, and require great precautions in crossing. The clefts of the mountains begin to be cloathed with wood, which as we proceed stretches down into the plains, and forms noble forests. In time our road leads us through these woods; we enjoy their refreshing shade, and observe as we ride along whole trees enveloped even to their topmost branches with a species of weed, which covers them all over as with a close net. In fine, we cross the Black River, the Doucuma, and the Knijsna; we behold the only Lake, worthy of the name, that we have met with in all our progress, and at length from the high grounds we enjoy the

reward of our toilsome journey in the view of Blettenberg's Bay, and the immense ocean on the one hand ; and on the other chains of high mountains covered with forests, the retreat of the wild boar of Africa, the savage buffaloe, and the elephant.

Let us now survey the inhabitants of the region through which we have passed. We travelled as Englishmen, as strangers, as men who yesterday were their enemies ; yet we uniformly experienced from them the kindest treatment. Whatever the house afforded was shared with us : by day or towards night fall, wherever we stopped, we were considered and treated as members of the family, and in a manner that sufficiently showed this practice to be universal throughout the country. We may therefore place hospitality in the first rank of their virtues. To say the truth, it is a necessary one. In all the country, ians are unknown, and the boor willingly discharges the duties of hospitality towards the traveller, well knowing that to-morrow he may claim the rights of one to whatever quarter his inclination may lead him. Having mentioned this trait which is general and striking, I unwillingly confess myself at

a loss to name any other virtue which particularly marks the Cape boors whom we have seen. They are sufficiently honest, peaceable and sober, but they have no prominent virtues to characterize them, and the traveller, who wishes to speak well of them, is vexed to find that after much thought he can only remember that they shared with him their mutton and their milk, and gave him a better bed to sleep on than they reserved to themselves.

Their vices are perhaps more characteristic. They are at times cruel, yet apparently more from a coldness, and want of feeling than from a savage and ferocious thirst of blood. They rather see cruel actions committed with indifference than delight in committing them; and yet they do commit cruel actions. The greater part of them are cowards when exposed to any danger to which they have not been inured from their infancy; for instance, if taken to sea, or exposed to the chances of battle. Against lions, buffaloes, and elephants, they are fearless, because they are certain in their aim, are used to trust their lives to their heavy guns from the period of their being able to carry one,

and know well that for one boor who has fallen in hunting a thousand wild animals have been slain. During the Caffre war three English deserters, ready to die of hunger, approached the house of a boor. Whilst yet at a distance, the boor and his sons taking advantage of the letter of a proclamation, fired on them without provocation, and laid them dead on the spot. Had the deserters been aware of such a reception, and sent a musket bullet before them as a messenger, even though it had only grazed the thatch of the topmost roof, these lion killers would in all probability have come out trembling, and humbled themselves in the dust before their rude guests.

They mingle in a strange degree great credulity, and a desire to be thought very cunning. They are easily imposed upon, and yet they lay profound schemes to over-reach others in their bargains; and to make a good bargain is in the Dutch catechism the chief end of man. We are frequently tempted to think them great fools, and great rogues at the same time.

Ignorance must not be imputed to them as a crime; but they are very ignorant. The

only education that the best of them receive is from a kind of upper servant in the family, whom they dignify with the name of *meester* or *master*, and who teaches them to read and write. This master is always a foreigner, generally a German, and often a blockhead, and possessing not a particle of useful knowledge. The young boors are soon done with their education, and then look only after their cattle and their slaves, and know and care for very little farther.

Of late a spirit of religion, under the shape of methodism, has begun to spread amongst them, and it must be confessed appears likely to effect material and favourable alterations in their character wherever it is seriously embraced. In the families where this spirit operates they assemble in the evening to pray and sing psalms, and I have always noticed that great decency and attention were kept up, especially if any Englishman who happened to be present seemed in any degree to join in their devotions. Wide may this spirit spread, and happy may its influence be! For though some may deride the narrow notions of the sect of enthusiasts who have given rise to it, let us rather hail it

as the dawning of a brighter day, and rejoice at any ray of light piercing through so thick a gloom as the gross and uncultivated mind of a Cape boor.

Their houses are generally built with mud walls on a slight timber frame. Near the Cape where wood is scarce the mud predominates, but as we approach Blettenberg's Bay timber is used with a more unsparing hand. The door opens immediately into a large room or hall, which generally runs the whole depth of the house. Here the family breakfast, dine and sup, and here in the evening many of the slaves and Hottentots bring their mattresses and skins, and sleep. In the day time in one corner of this hall stands a small table, and beside it sits the mistress of the family with her feet upon a stove, and her knees almost touching her chin. In winter this stove is filled with charcoal—in summer it serves the purpose of an ordinary stool. Upon the table is a brazen urn filled either with coffee or hot water for tea, and this continues in use the whole day. The floor is a mixture of earth and dried cow dung, and over head is the thatch roof with a few large beams for rafters.

In another corner stand three or four muskets of a large bore, one of which at least is generally primed and loaded. Out of the hall are doors opening into three or four bed-chambers, and this is the whole house. A house of two stories is a kind of rarity. All however are provided with outhouses for their slaves, and kraals or round inclosures formed by walls of mud into which the cattle are regularly driven every night, and counted by the boor or his sons as they pass.

It was once my intention to have added to these Sketches a chapter on the Cape, considered in a political point of view; but I quickly found it to be a subject branching out into so many interesting details, that I abandoned the idea of attaching such a dissertation to a work of a nature like the present. Should the Cape ever again fall into, and remain in our possession, I still intend to bring forward my ideas on that subject and publish them in a separate volume. It will embrace many subjects of our colonial policy, particularly relative to slavery, to dependence on the mother country, and to the possibility and the importance of forming a white population, a colony of Englishmen

speaking our language, and bound to us by every tie, on this great angle of Africa. With respect to the general political importance of this colony, especially to England, it is needless to waste words. It is not necessary that a man should undertake a three months voyage, and have stood on the top of Table Land, to be entitled to speak or write of it in this point of view. Let him unfold a map of the globe, and after considering well the relative situation of England to the rest of the world ; if he can say that the Cape is a place of no political importance, he certainly will not alter his opinion by having ocular demonstration that its mountains are high and its plains sandy. For my own part, opening a map of the world I would say, fixing on the Cape, " There is an important point, lay hold of it." Were it a range of barren rocks, a sandy waste, a dead weight, in the eyes of vulgar politicians, upon the mother country, its situation would with me atone for all. What shall we say then, when it is discovered to be capable of nourishing a vast number of men. That it possesses noble forests and, that its vallies may be made to abound in corn and wine. Vulgar objections are then

borne down; but the clear and noble minded statesman should already have decided independent of these adjuncts.

One word more. To an admirer of the sublime in Nature, few spots on the surface of the globe present such scenes as the Cape of Good Hope. It is not the majesty of great rivers rolling towards the ocean, nor the more silent grandeur of immense lakes resembling inland seas that is to be found here. But long, deep, and winding vallies, opening out as they approach the sea, and extensive plains bordered on all sides by high mountains, announce that formerly rivers and lakes have existed there. Nay, the mountains themselves by their appearance confirm the solemn truth, that the changes they have undergone are not to be measured by the æras of man, or the limited and scanty periods of his history. In crossing some of these mountains the mind is impressed with sensations similar to those experienced in traversing a pile of antient and venerable ruins, but infinitely more awful. The rocks appear to decay, as it were with age and weariness of upholding themselves for so many centuries, nor can we help pausing and cal-

culating at what period they shall vanish for ever from the face of the earth.

If these scenes could awaken such reflections in a mind little tinctured with the science necessary to the study of mountainous countries, what must not their effect be on an enthusiastic disciple of Saussure, imbued with the knowledge and endowed with the patience and talents requisite in such pursuits? Should such a one peruse these pages, I call upon him and with no unfriendly voice, to repair to the Cape and give to the geological investigation of that singular country, his time, his patience, and his talents for several years. A few of the general outlines have already been traced, but how much yet remains to be done? Should he fail in erecting a monument to his own fame equal to that of Saussure among the Alps, let him rest assured it will not be for want of materials.

I cannot conclude without noticing the very strong contrast that exists between the greater part of the two continents of Africa and America. America abounds in immense forests, in majestic rivers, and inland seas of fresh water. Africa, on the contrary, derives

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its claims to notice chiefly from chains of lofty and craggy mountains whose sides and summits are bare of trees; from the deep beds of torrents rather than of rivers, which rush at times with irresistible fury from the mountains to the ocean, and in place of mediterranean seas, it presents great deserts of sand.

FINIS.

